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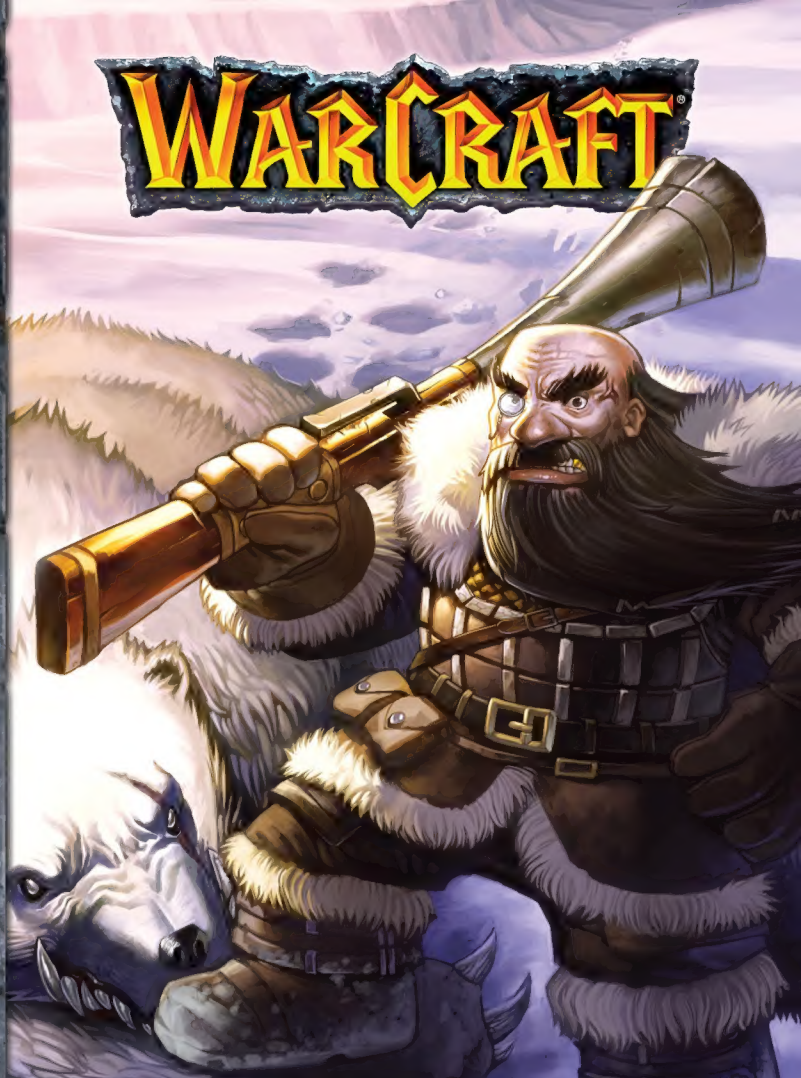
# WARCRAFT®



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## FIEND

From the critically acclaimed team of Richard Knaak and Jae-Hwan Kim (*Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy*) comes part three in the continuing adventures of Trag Highmountain, the heroic tauren reborn as one of the undead. Trag's quest to face the Lich King takes him deep into the frozen Northrend tundra, where he encounters new allies...as well as new enemies.

## CRUSADER'S BLOOD

When a blood elf mage and a Forsaken warrior embark on a quest of vengeance against a ruthless Scarlet Crusade captain, their blind bloodlust will place them all on a collision course with destiny...and death.

## I GOT WHAT YULE NEED

From acclaimed writer Christie Golden comes the tale of a down-on-his-luck goblin named Krizz looking for a way to make some easy coin...even if that means playing Greatfather Winter. But his holiday sneer is unexpectedly turned into holiday cheer when he becomes the unlikely hero for a little gnome girl...

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Hemet Nesingwary, the greatest hunter in all of Azeroth, finds himself the unexpected protector of three frostsaber cubs as he battles five cutthroat hunters.

"The writers and artists of *Warcraft* sell everything from drama and comed
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VOLUME THREE

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# WarCraft®

# LEGENDS™

VOLUME THREE


FIEND 06
BY RICHARD A. KNAAK & JAE-HWAN KIM

CRUSADER'S BLOOD 28
BY DAN JOLLEY & FERNANDO HEINZ FURUKAWA

I GOT WHAT YULE NEED 74
BY CHRISTIE GOLDEN & CARLOS OLIVARES

THE THRILL OF THE HUNT 120
BY TROY LEWTER & QING PING MUI

# WARCRAFT®

# LEGENDS™

VOLUME THREE

## FIEND


WRITTEN BY RICHARD A. KNAAK

ART BY JAE-HWAN KIM

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: HYUN JOO KIM

LETTERERS: MICHAEL PAOLILLI

& LUCAS RIVERA

# STORY SO FAR

The undead walk the lands of Azeroth as rotting nightmares, creatures that are vicious and unyielding in their brutality. They are broken into two factions--the Forsaken (led by the Dark Lady Sylvanas Windrunner) and the Scourge (commanded by the Dark Lord of the Dead, the Lich King). For the living in Azeroth, to be born again undead is to be damned for all eternity.

Trag Highmountain, the courageous tauren who sacrificed his life in *Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy--Shadows of Ice,* finds himself reborn as one of the undead. However, Trag's form of undeath is unlike any other, as his mind struggles against the carnal bloodlust. His thoughts are clouded with visions of a foreboding place of ice and snow, his ears filled with the rancid whispers of the Lich King's urges to kill...

In his desperate search to understand the reasons and ramifications of his unnatural state, Trag sought help from the tauren shaman Sulamm. Sulamm agreed to help Trag and placed him into a deep meditative trance...but alas, Sulamm's tongue was forked, as he betrayed Trag to Ornamm and his tauren kinsmen. While Trag was unconscious, they thrust him into a pit of fire... However, Trag's mysterious new power enabled him to overcome the shaman's trance and fight his way through his would-be executioners and to freedom.

Betrayed and alone, the tortured tauren trekked through the unforgiving mountains of Durotar, his mind drowning in the Lich King's commands to mayhem. Trag's grasp on his free will was slipping...but his salvation came from the most unlikely of creatures, as Thrall, Warchief of the orcs, sensed Trag's suffering through his communion with the spirits and came to help. Thrall conveyed to Trag his own story of loss and suffering, and how he, too, once fought the urge to be nothing more than a mindless brute and triumphed in the end. Thrall's words and noble intentions opened the undead tauren's eyes and he was able to reclaim his mind...for the time being.

His self-control renewed, Trag's resolve to be free of his curse was stronger than ever. Trag thanked Thrall and stowed away aboard a Horde ship headed for the shores of Northrend, closing the distance separating Trag from his cruel master with every crashing wave...

The Horde fleet remained anchored off Northrend as it awaited those who were to join it...
The Horde and Alliance had arrived at separate points of the frosty realm to strike against the cold might of the Lich King.
Sailing to Northrend had been difficult enough, but reaching Icecrown, the Lich King's citadel, would require climbing harsh mountains...
...and traversing the deadly desolation that was the Borean Tundra.
But to Trag, all of that meant nothing, so long as he reached Northrend's master.
FIEND

It was not as if the Lich King did not desire the undead tauren to come to him...
The Lord of Icecrown had taken exceptional interest in the lone warrior...
Why that was, Trag needed to know...
...but he was determined to face the Lich King on his own terms...if that was possible.
The tauren was determined to overcome all obstacles in his path...
Nothing could be permitted to even slow him...
RUMBLE
Nothing...

HISSSS!!
KRAAAAAAK
HSSSSSS!!
RUMBLE
SSSS
KRAAAAAAK
KRAK
RUMBLE
GRUMBLE

!!!
HSSSSS!!
MY THANKS--

YOU ARE NOT TAUNKA... YOU ARE... UNALIVE...
I AM WHAT I HAVE BEEN CURSED TO BE. AND THOUGH YOU CAME TO MY RESCUE...
...I WILL FIGHT--IF YOU DEMAND IT!
WHY WOULD WE FIGHT? TAUNKA KNOW WHAT IT IS TO STRUGGLE EACH DAY AGAINST DEATH.
THE JORMUNGAR IS A SMALL FOE COMPARED TO THE TUNDRA ITSELF.
WHAT HAPPENED THERE? THE BEAST SEEMED IN MORE DANGER THAN ME...
IT WAS NOT FULL-GROWN. THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A LARGER ONE HUNTING IT

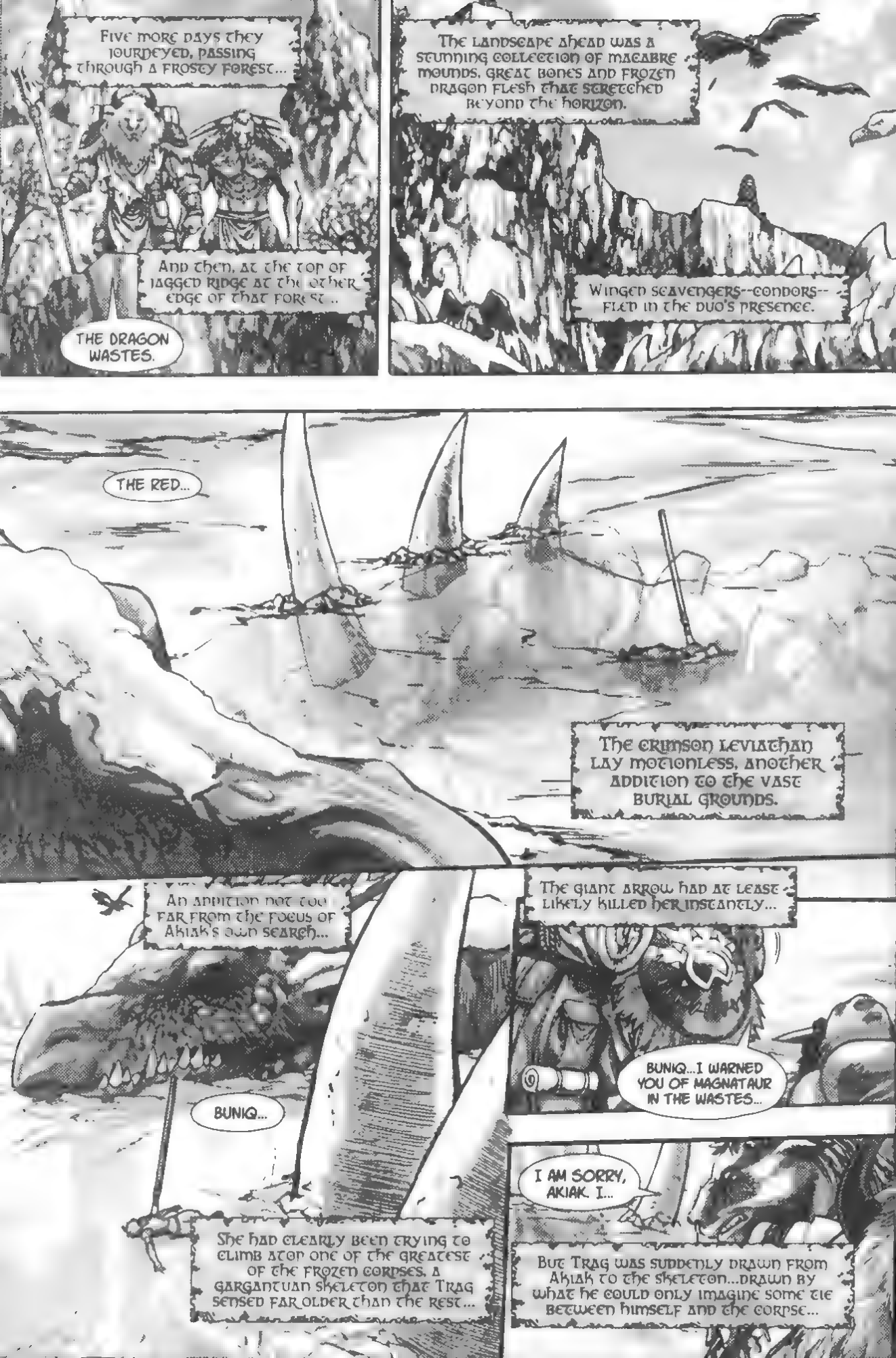
The mysterious warrior---the taunka---spoke as calmly of the monstrous beasts as if they were no more concern than a rabbit or fox.
I AM AKIAK. MY VILLAGE, TAUNKA'LE, IS NOT FAR. COME.
The simple acceptance by Akiak of Trag's "condition" again left the tauren confused. Akiak had accepted him as if Trag's undead state was something common.
And though, living in the shadow of the Lich King might make that so, surely Akiak's people were no servants of his.
The taunka did not speak during their trek and shrugged off any attempt by the tauren to begin a conversation. That left Trag to ponder if he had escaped one threat simply to walk into another...
But the village to which Akiak led him could never have been the home of those serving the lord of the undead.
It showed too much a love of life, even in this harsh land...
...and reminded Trag of what he himself had long ago lost.

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT US, AKIAK? YOUR SEARCH WAS FOR ANOTHER...
ONE WITH GREAT STRENGTH, AMAGUQ... ONE WHO FIGHTS...
TRAG TOLD THEM WHO HE WAS AND ALL THAT HAD BEFALLEN HIM...AND, LASTLY, THAT IT WAS ICECROWN TO WHICH HE WAS ULTIMATELY HEADED.
NOT OF US, BUT LIKE US. YOU FIGHT FOR LIFE AS WE DO...EVEN MORE...
YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY AS LONG AS YOU NEED.
YOU WOULD LET ME STAY HERE... KNOWING WHAT I AM AND WHERE I GO?
YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THE EMPTY SHELLS THAT THE ICY LORD COMMANDS...THERE IS THE SPARK STILL WITHIN YOU. THE SPARK WE TAUNKA KNOW WELL...
YOU WOULD SURVIVE. TAUNKA WOULD SURVIVE. WE ARE BROTHERS IN THIS.
HIS OWN PEOPLE HAD REJECTED HIM, SEEN HIM AS A THING THAT WOULD SERVE THE LICH KING, BUT THE TAUNKA...
...BUT ONLY TRAG REACTED WITH WHAT TO HIM MADE SENSE.
...THEY SENSED MORE IN HIM, FOR HIS STRUGGLE WAS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT THAN THE ONE THEY FACED DAILY.
IT WAS THEN THAT THE SHADOW CAME SWIFTLY AND WITHOUT WARNING...
BEWARE!! DRAGON!!

But the Red Leviathan passed the village without even glancing at it.
And Akiak only added to Trag's confusion by saying...
It merely goes to the center of the Dragonblight...to the DRAGON WASTES...
...TO DIE.
TO... DIE?
YES.
AS ALL DRAGONS DO...
SO IT HAS BEEN AS LONG AS THE TAUNKA HAVE LIVED HERE.
THE LAND THERE IS A PLACE OF POWERFUL MAGICAL ENERGIES LEFT BY THE SPIRITS OF THE GREAT WINGED ONES.
AND THE BONES OF SOME STILL HOLD THAT MAGIC, WHICH CAN BE WIELDED BY THOSE THEIR SPIRITS DEEM WORTHY.

THIS I FOUND WHEN THEN TEN WINTERS YOUNG... IT HAS PROTECTED ME SINCE
TRAG SAID NOTHING, FOR AS HIS HAND TOUCHED THE BONE FRAGMENT, HE SENSED SOMEHOW THAT THERE WAS INDEED MAGIC WITHIN.
AND THAT GAVE HIM AN IDEA. A WILD NOTION...
I WOULD GO TO THE DRAGON WASTES...CAN YOU SHOW ME THE WAY?
IT IS AN AREA HARD TO FIND .AND HARDER TO LEAVE.
I WILL TAKE HIM...IF YOU PERMIT, AMAGUQ.
YOU GO AGAIN IN SEARCH OF BUNIQ-- NO OTHER REASON, AKIAK.
THEN, THE FACT THAT HE AND THE DRAGON BOTH POINT AS SIGNS TO THE DRAGONBLIGHT, MEANS I AM DESTINED TO SEEK HER THERE...
IT IS TOO LATE TO LEAVE NOW. IF THE ELEMENTS GRANT YOU FAIR WEATHER...THEN TOMORROW YOU WILL BOTH GO.
THANK YOU...
DO NOT THANK ME YOU HAVE NOT BEEN TO THE DRAGON WASTES YET

TRAG WAS GIVEN A PLACE TO REST UNTIL MORNING... OR AT LEAST WAIT WHILE AKIAK SLEPT.
THE WEATHER PROVED SUFFICIENTLY SETTLED ENOUGH TO LET THE PAIR EMBARK ON THEIR JOURNEY.
THOUGH WHETHER THAT MEANT THE SPIRITS WERE WITH OR AGAINST HIM, TRAG COULD NOT SAY...
THREE DAYS LATER THEY PASSED INTO THE DRAGONBLIGHT, WHERE, IN THE DISTANCE, TRAG BEHELD A LARGER SETTLEMENT.
AKIAK IDENTIFIED IT AS ICEMIST VILLAGE, THE CAPITAL OF THE TAUNKA PEOPLE.
OTHER THAN THAT MOMENT, THE TWO DID NOT SPEAK MUCH DURING THE TREK. BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME TO STOP THE NEXT NIGHT, TRAG FINALLY DARED ASK THE ONE QUESTION THAT HAD BOTHERED HIM...
WHO IS BUNIQ?
WE ARE CLAN-BOUND TO BE PAIRED SHE IS THE REASON YOU ARE NOT A MEAL OF THE JORMUNGAR OR BURIED BENEATH THE TUNDRA. I KNEW THAT SHE HAD HEADED TO ONE OF TWO PLACES.. THE DRAGON WASTES I PRAYED SHE HAD AVOIDED.
I KNEW THAT SHE WISHED TO FIND A RELIC OF HER OWN TO PROVE HERSELF WORTHY OF ME...EVEN THOUGH I COULD NEVER BE *WORTHY* OF *HER*...
AND YOU FOUND ME IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.
I WAS ON MY WAY BACK WHEN I SAW YOU. SHE WOULD HAVE GONE TO HELP YOU...AND SO I DID AS SHE WOULD HAVE.
AMAGUQ HAS SAID SHE HAS LOST THE BATTLE AGAINST THE TUNDRA...BUT I MUST BE CERTAIN...
AKIAK SAID NO MORE, BUT TRAG ALREADY UNDERSTOOD THAT THE TAUNKA WERE A PEOPLE WITH HEARTS IN SOME WAYS EVEN GREATER THAN THOSE OF HIS OWN KIND...


Five more days they journeyed, passing through a frosty forest...
And then, at the top of jagged ridge at the other edge of that forest...
THE DRAGON WASTES.
The landscape ahead was a stunning collection of macabre mounds, great bones and frozen dragon flesh that stretched beyond the horizon.
Winged scavengers--condors--fled in the duo's presence.
THE RED...
The crimson leviathan lay motionless, another addition to the vast burial grounds.
An addition not too far from the focus of Akiak's own search...
BUNIQ...
The giant arrow had at least likely killed her instantly...
BUNIQ...I warned you of Magnataur in the wastes...
I AM SORRY, AKIAK. I...
She had clearly been trying to climb atop one of the greatest of the frozen corpses. A gargantuan skeleton that Trag sensed far older than the rest...
But Trag was suddenly drawn from Akiak to the skeleton...drawn by what he could only imagine some tie between himself and the corpse...

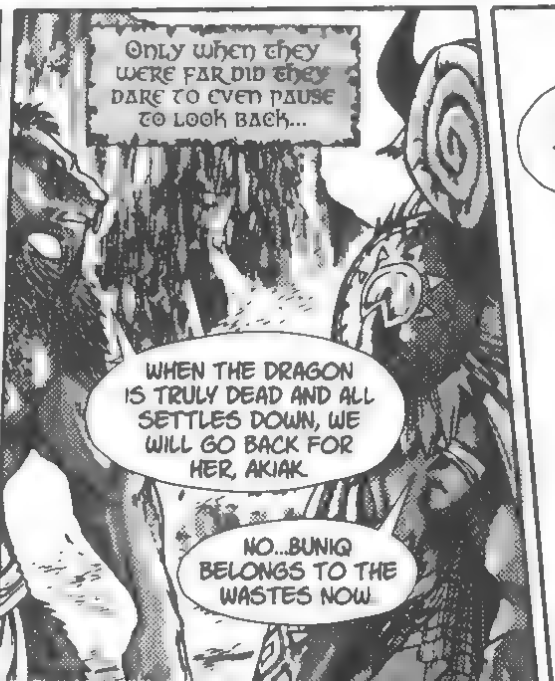
The power that animated him urged him to reach for a broken piece of the skull...a piece no greater than his palm...
And when he picked it up, a name and life became known to him...
Not a dragon, but what came before them...a great proto-dragon...a proto-dragon once called...
Trag almost dropped the fragment there and then, aware that the quest for it had been what had cost Bunio her life...but something within him urged the tauren to keep it.
GALAKROND.
He, too, had come here desperately seeking what the taunka spoke of, a bone fragment with power...power he might use against the Lich King...
...and surely this had to be it.
Then, guilt over leaving Akiak to mourn alone one who had clearly been his love made Trag return to the taunka.
AKIAK, LET ME HELP YOU TAKE HER FROM HERE AND--

RRRURGH!

BEWARE!
RRURRR!

The death throes of the dragon shook the area, sending ice, rock and bones flying...
THWOOMP

KRAK
KRAKOOM
Trag and Akiak had no choice but to flee the Wastes...


Only when they were far did they dare to even pause to look back...
When the dragon is truly dead and all settles down, we will go back for her, Akiak.
No...Buniq belongs to the Wastes now.

Her battle against the tundra is at an END.

Trag and the Taunka began their journey back.
Akiak said nothing the entire way and Trag did not interject himself into the Taunka's thoughts.
Besides, there was the bone fragment to consider...the fragment and how it might be of use against the Lich King.
Indeed, the pair reached the vicinity of Taunka'le without either having much noticed the past days' trek.
And only then did Akiak begin to show even as much sign of life as Trag...
HOME...BUNIQ'S HOME...
Then...as if they were back in the Wastes, the ground began to shake...
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
...and Trag beheld a frightening and familiar sight.
THE VILLAGE!! THE GROUND GIVES WAY NEAR THE CLOSEST EDGE!!
The growing sinkhole was identical to that in which Trag had fallen save for its immensity...
KRACK
And surely no coincidence...

NO!!
Both warriors reacted instinctively...
...but neither were prepared for what followed the sinkhole's coming.
KLAKKLAK!
WHAT ARE THEY?!!
ANUB'AR!
THEY ARE THE UNDEAD OF THE LOST EMPIRE OF THE NERUBIANS!!
But whether that was true or not, what mattered was that those who had given Trag comfort were now in danger of being slain...
OK
Undead...Trag believed he saw the Lich King's hand in this monstrous attack.
...and likely then being raised as undead themselves.

Even as the pair battled their way to the village, the catastrophe spread...
FSSS
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
...and Trag saw only one way to perhaps stop it.
TRAG!!
KRAK
Throwing the taunka to safety, Trag allowed the collapsed ground to take him down to his foes...
...and below...where the ability not to breathe finally proved a benefit...

The diggers—the cause of the sinkhole—came as no surprise to Trag.
SHRRK
And aware that each second was crucial to the taunka, the tauren gave his foes no quarter.
Though undead like him, they stood no chance against his fury.
Trag was as merciless to them as they had been to the taunka...
SLICE
He cleaved his way through tundra and enemy without distinction...
KRAK'CK
...sending them back into death.
And then...

Trag knew that he had to get past these two Anub'ar before the others caught up with him...
...and that the crystal was clearly a weapon far deadlier than the blade.
THWAK
KRSH
There were too many foes now converging on Trag... leaving the tauren with only one chance...one hope...
CLINK
THWWWOOM

The powerful forces would have slain a living creature, but they only threw Trag further down the treacherous tunnel.
While above...
It has ceased!
Trag did this...
The tauren sensed the tundra finally still, but there was no going back now...only forward...ever forward...
Finally, when days had surely passed above, he at last came across an exit...an exit at the bottom of a great pit.
There was no choice--no other desire--but to climb up, no matter how arduous the effort.
For Trag also sensed--through the dark forces animating him--that his underground trek had taken him to where he had intended to go all along...

...ICECROWN.
Trag had at last reached the chill citadel of the Lich King...
CONCLUDED IN NEXT VOLUME

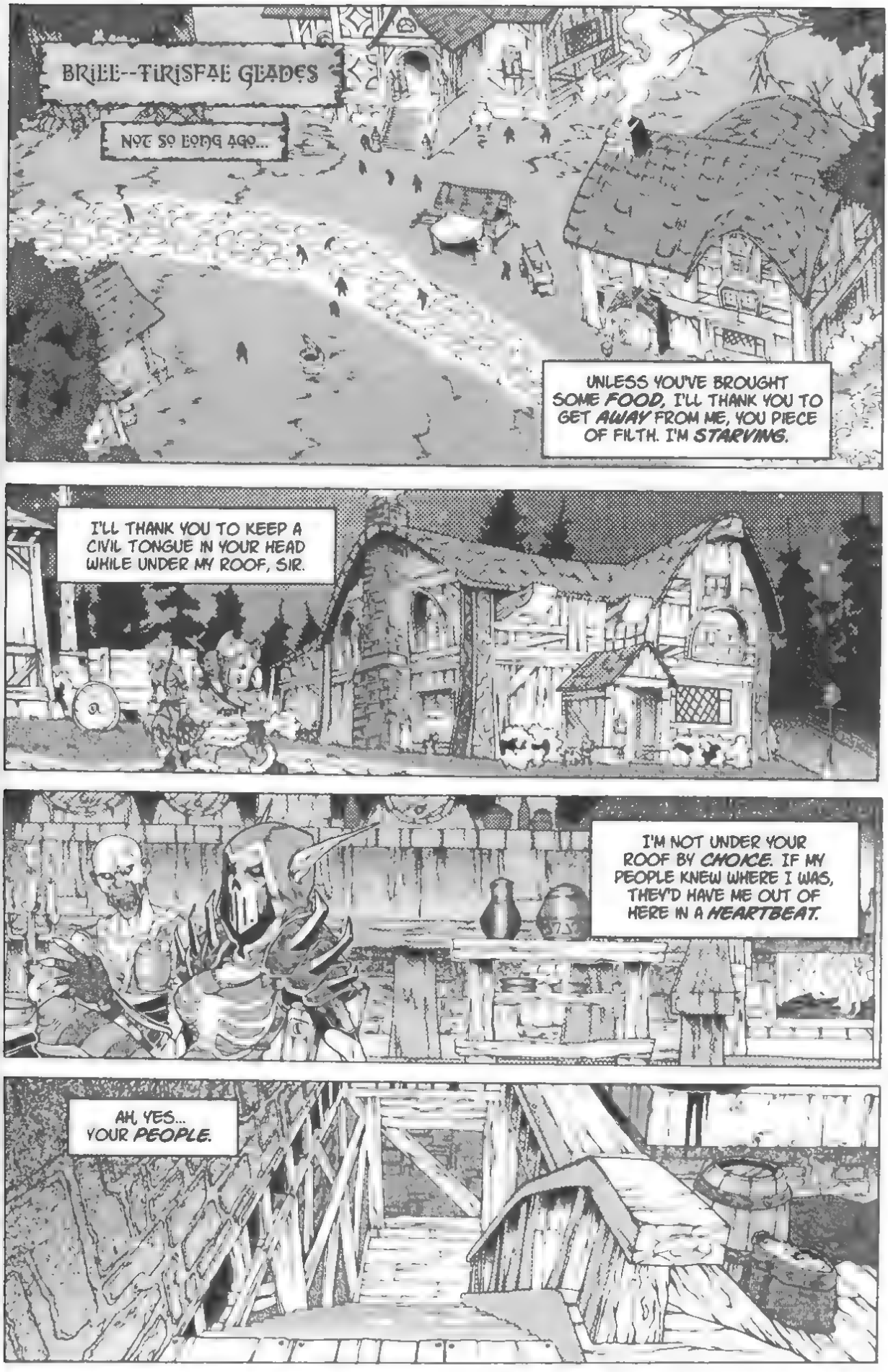
# WARCRAFT LEGENDS

VOLUME THREE

# CRUSADER'S BLOOD

WRITTEN BY DAN JOLLEY

INKS BY ROCIO ZUCCHI


BRIEE--FIRISFAE GLADES
NOT SO LONG AGO...
UNLESS YOU'VE BROUGHT SOME FOOD, I'LL THANK YOU TO GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU PIECE OF FILTH. I'M STARVING.
I'LL THANK YOU TO KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD WHILE UNDER MY ROOF, SIR.
I'M NOT UNDER YOUR ROOF BY CHOICE. IF MY PEOPLE KNEW WHERE I WAS, THEY'D HAVE ME OUT OF HERE IN A HEARTBEAT.
AH, YES... YOUR PEOPLE.

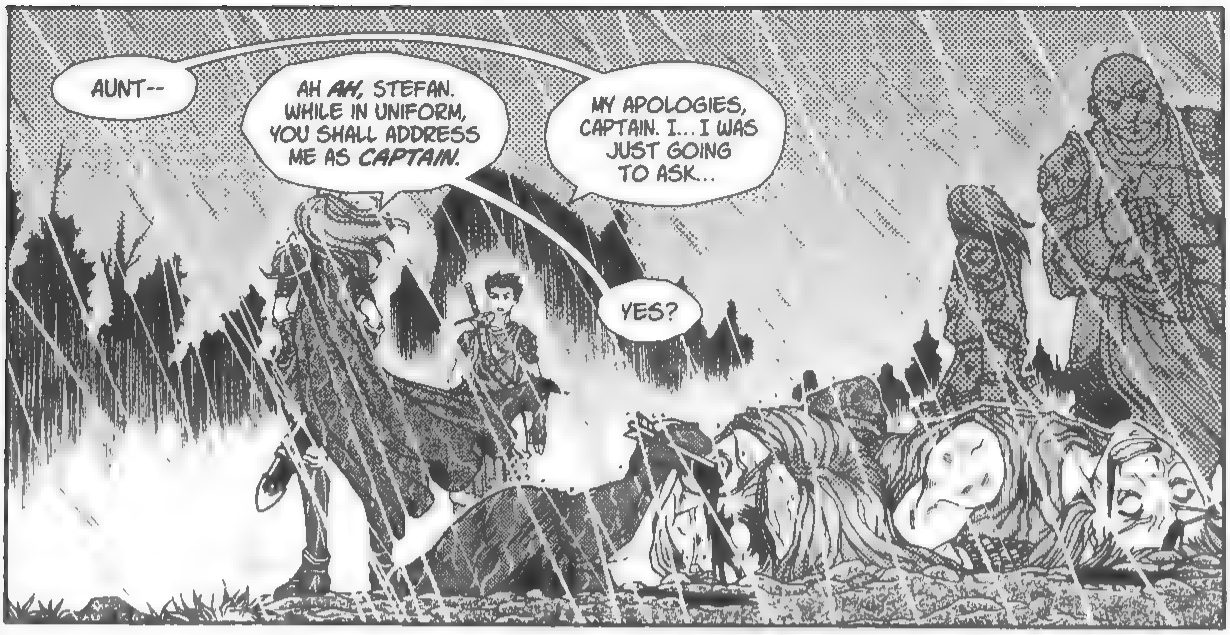
LET'S TALK ABOUT THEM, SHALL WE?
THERE IS NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT. THE SCARLET CRUSADE WILL CLEANSE AZEROTH OF SCUM LIKE YOU...!
SIGH...
TELL ME... HAVE YOU EVER GIVEN ANY THOUGHT AS TO WHY YOU FEEL THAT WAY? WHY THE SCARLET CRUSADE EMBRACES SUCH EXTREMES?
ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT SUCH HATE ONLY BEGETS MORE HATE? MORE DESTRUCTION...? MORE DEATH...?
I NEED ONLY GAZE INTO YOUR MAGGOT-RIDDLED FACE TO KNOW WHY MY BRETHREN AND I FEEL THE WAY WE DO.
KRAAK
GUH!!
YOU'RE UNDERMINING MY POINT.
I'M FOLLOWING ORDERS, YOU TWIT.
I'M SORRY THAT HAD TO HAPPEN. BUT I THINK... IF YOU LISTEN TO ME...
...I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CHANGE THE WAY YOU FEEL.

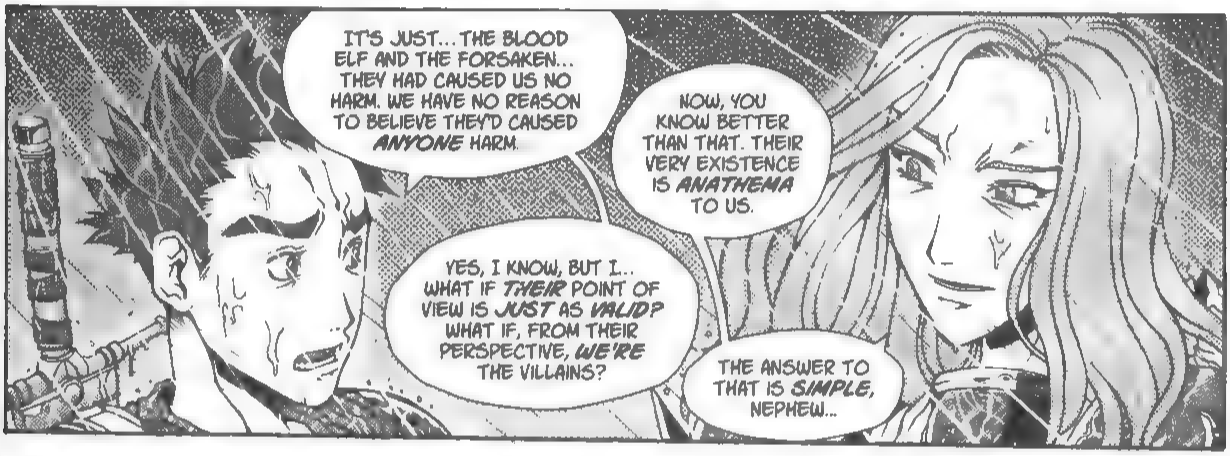
THE STORY I HAVE TO TELL YOU BEGINS A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO... ON THE REMNANTS OF A FARM, NOT FAR FROM HERE...
...WITH WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE SIMPLEST OF MATTERS.
HELLO?
ANYONE HERE...?
KNOCK KNOCK
HELLO...?
I'M LOOKING FOR A JILLIAN GRELL

YES? MAY I HELP YOU?
MY NAME IS RINN-- I'M FROM GALLARAN'S IN SILVERMOON. I LOOKED FOR YOU IN BRILL, AND THEY SAID YOU MIGHT BE OUT HERE.
OH--YES! I'M SORRY TO MAKE YOU HUNT ME DOWN. PLEASE COME IN .!
I USED TO... WELL... I USED TO LIVE HERE. I COME OUT TO THE OLD FARM SOMETIMES TO THINK.
SO YOU BROUGHT THE GEM?
I DID. WORKED ON THIS ONE MYSELF. I'M STARTING TO SPECIALIZE IN DAWNSTONES.
THIS ISN'T FOR YOU, IS IT?
OH, HEAVENS NO!
IT'S FOR MY UNCLE BARNABAS. HE'S A GREAT WARRIOR! NOT LIKE ME... I'M JUST A SIMPLE MERCHANT.
I SYMPATHIZE. I'M ONLY AN APPRENTICE JEWELCRAFTER, BUT MY SISTER, REYNAH FIRECASTER, IS--
THUD
UM, DID YOU HEAR THAT? WERE YOU EXPECTING SOME-ONE ELSE?
NO.
OH NO OH NO..

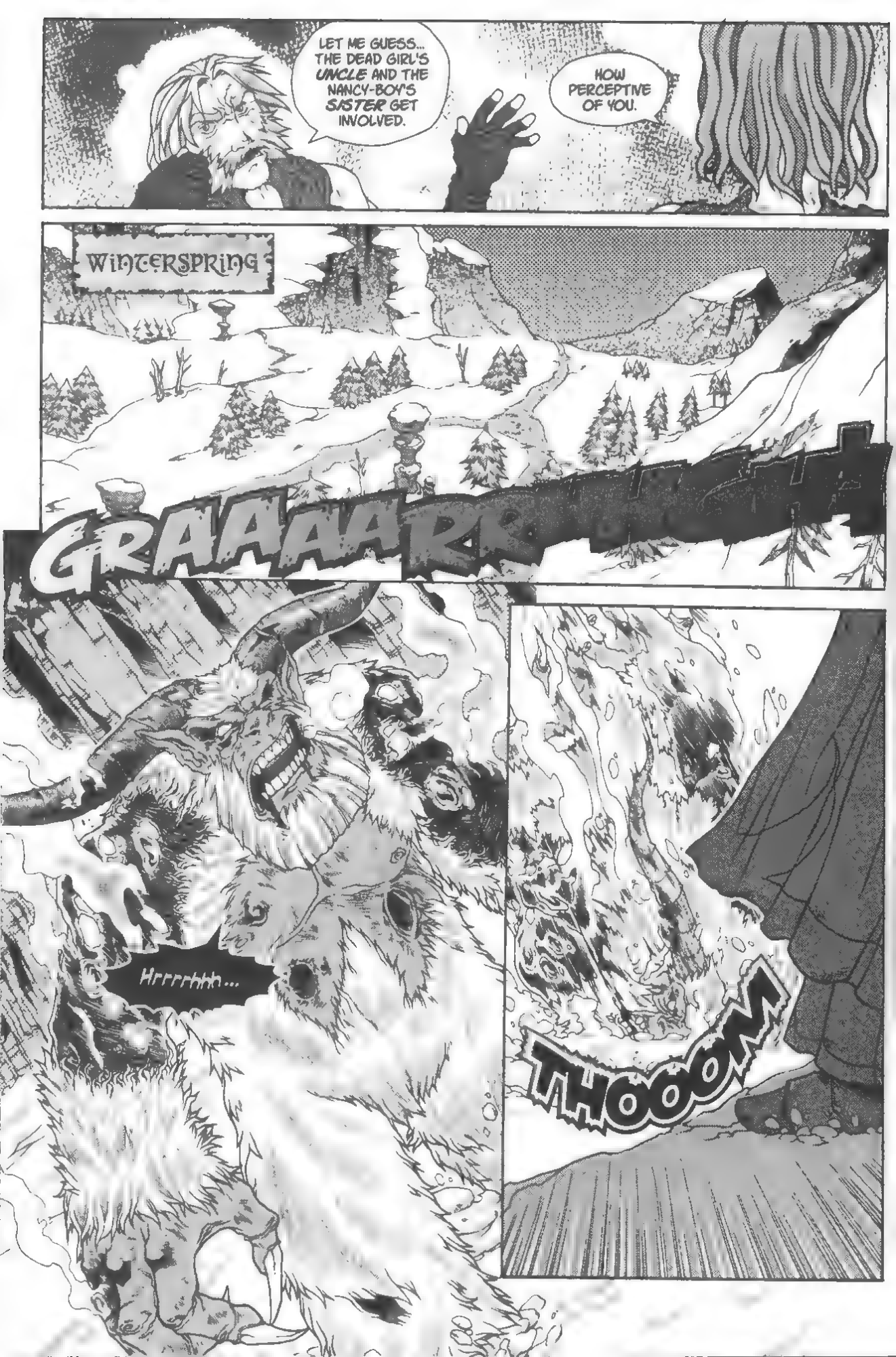
WE WERE WONDERING WHAT A BLOOD ELF WAS DOING AROUND HERE...
LOOK, WE'RE MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS! WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT!
OBVIOUSLY HE WAS LEADING US TO EVEN MORE REWARDING PREY.
I DON'T RECALL ASKING WHAT YOU WANTED.

MY NAME IS CAPTAIN LAUER. THE TWO OF YOU ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE SCARLET CRUSADE NOW.
YOU ARE BOTH ABOMINATIONS... AND HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH.
HAVE YOU ANY LAST WORDS BEFORE WE CLEANSE THE LAND OF YOUR NON-HUMAN STENCH?
DO YOUR WORST, WOMAN!!
I'LL NOT BE FORGOTTEN, I PROMISE YOU THAT!!
VERY WELL.
STHOCK
NOTHING AT ALL FROM YOU, THEN?
GOOD.
STHOCK


AUNT--
AH AH, STEFAN. WHILE IN UNIFORM, YOU SHALL ADDRESS ME AS CAPTAIN.
MY APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN. I... I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK...
YES?


IT'S JUST... THE BLOOD ELF AND THE FORSAKEN... THEY HAD CAUSED US NO HARM. WE HAVE NO REASON TO BELIEVE THEY'D CAUSED ANYONE HARM.
NOW, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT. THEIR VERY EXISTENCE IS ANATHEMA TO US.
YES, I KNOW, BUT I... WHAT IF THEIR POINT OF VIEW IS JUST AS VALID? WHAT IF, FROM THEIR PERSPECTIVE, WE'RE THE VILLAINS?
THE ANSWER TO THAT IS SIMPLE, NEPHEW...

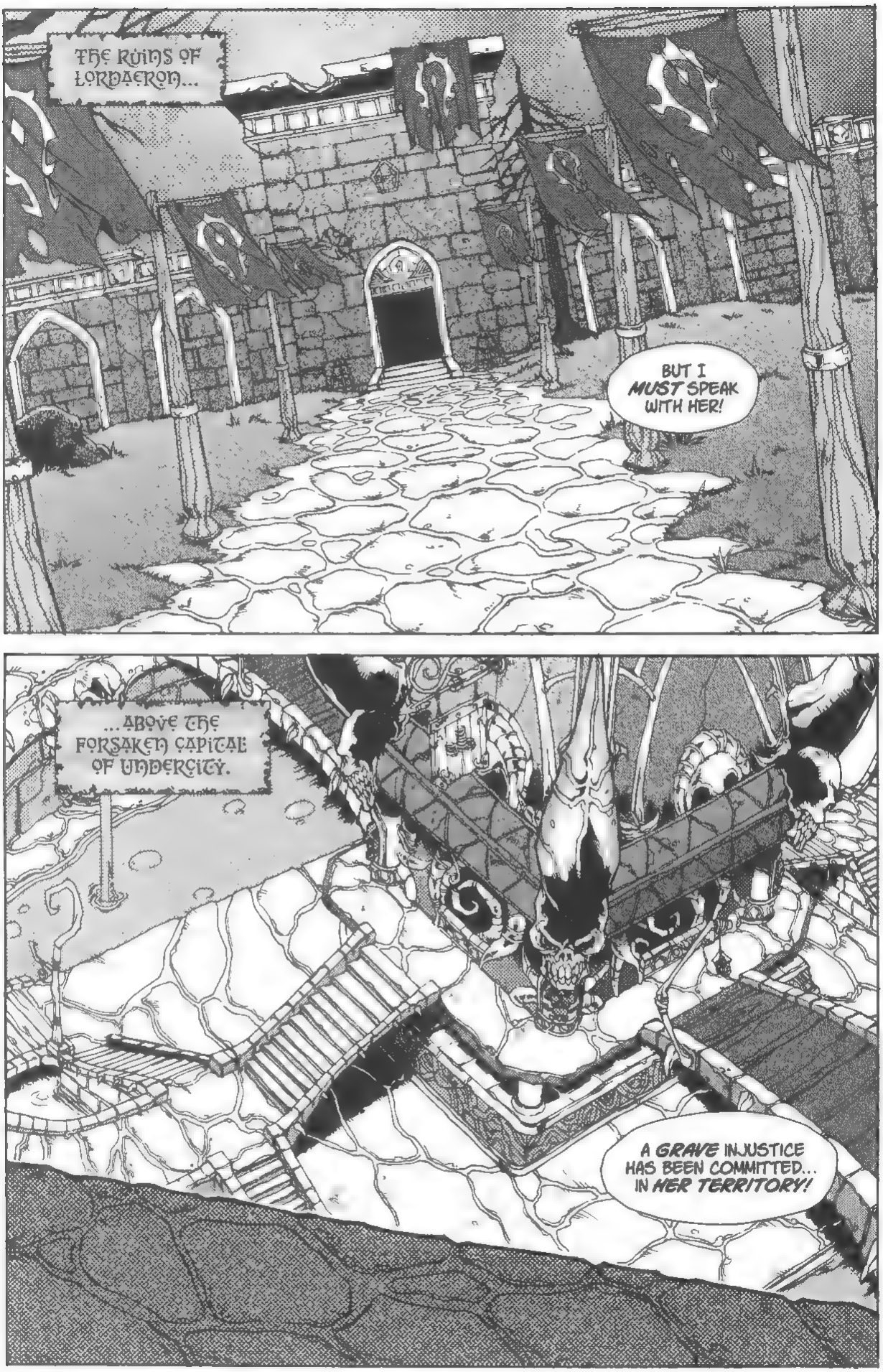
THEY'RE WRONG.


LET ME GUESS... THE DEAD GIRL'S UNCLE AND THE NANCY-BOY'S SISTER GET INVOLVED.
HOW PERCEPTIVE OF YOU.
WINTERSPRING
GRAAAAR
Hrrrrrhhh...
THOOOM

REYNAH!
SOVOK? WHAT'S WRONG? DO YOU NEED ME?
THE REST OF OUR BROTHERS IN ARMS HAVE GAINED THE UPPER HAND IN ALTERAC VALLEY. I COME TO YOU ON ANOTHER MATTER.
WELL? SPIT IT OUT!
IT'S YOUR BROTHER. RNN.
HE'S BEEN KILLED.

WORD TRAVELED SWIFTLY FROM REYNAH FIRECASTER IN WINTERSPRING
TO BARNABAS GRELL IN FAR SILITHUS
THERE!
THERE'S YOUR "DEATHCLASP" THAT'S ONE SCORPION WHOSE STING HAS BEEN PULLED!
FWUNK
NOW WHO'S GOT A DRINK FOR ME?
THE DUSTY WASTES HAVE STRIPPED AWAY WHAT LITTLE FLESH I HAVE LEFT IN MY THROAT

I HAVE DRINK APLENTY, FORSAKEN... BUT YOU MAY WANT TO READ THIS FIRST
WHAT? WHAT IS IT?
NONE OF MY BUSINESS THOUGH THE COURIER'S FACE WAS LONG AS HE MADE HIS DELIVERY
FROM BRILL? WHAT COULD--
NO
NO.


THE RUINS OF LORDAERON...
BUT I MUST SPEAK WITH HER!
...ABOVE THE FORSAKEN CAPITAL OF UNDERCITY.
A GRAVE INJUSTICE HAS BEEN COMMITTED... IN HER TERRITORY!

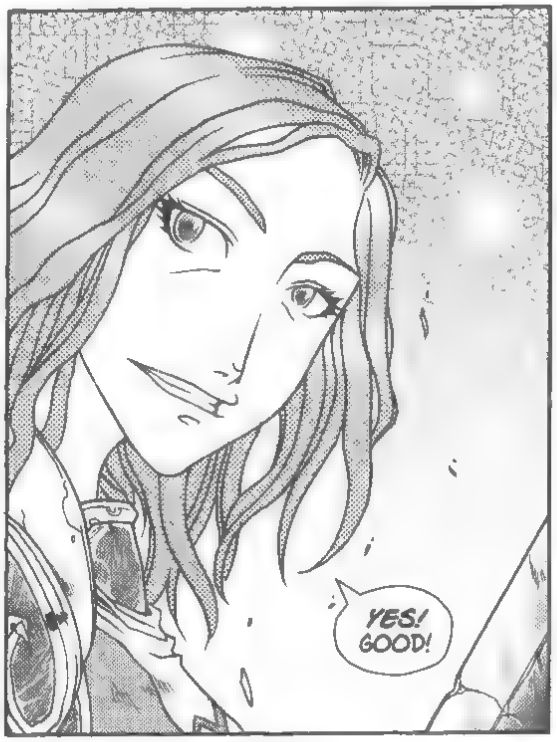
I TELL YOU THIS ONCE MORE. AND IT WOULD DO YOU WELL TO LISTEN THIS TIME.
QUEEN SYLVANAS IS OTHERWISE OCCUPIED, WITH MATTERS THAT CONCERN MORE THAN A SINGLE BLOOD ELF.
B-BUT... MY BROTHER... THE SCARLET CRUSADE KILLED HIM...!
IN COLD BLOOD, THEY KILLED HIM!
YOU APPEAR TO HAVE THE TOOLS USE THEM.
AH THE CRUSADE. YES THEY HAVE BEEN MORE ANNOYING THAN USUAL OF LATE. RUMORS ABOUT A NEW CAPTAIN A WOMAN NAMED LAUER.
I SHALL DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE TO THE QUEEN AT HER EARLIEST CONVENIENCE.
BUT UNTIL THEN IF YOU WANT JUSTICE DONE I SUGGEST YOU SEEK IT OUT YOURSELF.

SOB... SNIFF...
UHFF!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, DEAD MAN, OR I'LL BURN A HOLE THROUGH YOU!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, WENCH! YOU HAVE PICKED THE WORST POSSIBLE DAY TO INVITE TROUBLE FROM ME!
LEAVE. NOW. BEFORE I SNAP YOUR NECK.
AYE, I'LL LEAVE-- BUT YOU BEST PRAY YOU NEVER SEE ME AGAIN!!

ELSEWHERE, AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TIRISFAL GLADES...

GOOD--BUT WATCH YOUR SHOULDER...!
KLANG
CAN YOU BELIEVE SUCH NONSENSE? HE ACTUALLY HEARD A PIECE OF PUMPKIN CAN TURN YOU INTO AN UNDEAD!

YOU'RE TOO CLOSE...!
SHIFT YOUR WEIGHT--UNH--TO YOUR BACK FOOT A BIT MORE!
LIKE THAT?
SP-KANG


YES! GOOD!

I'VE BEEN THINKING--
UNH!
ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID BEFORE... ABOUT HOW WE'RE RIGHT--AND EVERYONE ELSE IS WRONG.
SHING
YES?
AND HAVE YOU COME TO ANY CONCLUSIONS?
KLANG
WELL, IT'S JUST... WHAT IF WE'RE THE ONES WHO'RE WRONG?
WHAT IF WE'RE NOT DOING HOLY WORK... AND THE ONLY THING VIOLENCE IS GOING TO GET US IS JUST MORE VIOLENCE?
SP-KANG
HNH!
RAAAH!!

GOOD LESSON.
HERE.
THIS IS EXACTLY WHY YOUR MOTHER, MY DEAR SISTER, SENT YOU TO ME, STEFAN.
WE'RE *RIGHT* BECAUSE WE HAVE *FAITH.*
AND THE MORE TIME YOU SPEND WITH US... THE MORE YOU SEE THE *WRETCHEDNESS* AND *DEPRAVITY* THE REST OF AZEROTH HAS TO OFFER...
...THE SOONER YOU'LL SEE THINGS *OUR* WAY. THE *RIGHT* WAY.
DRINK UP.

UNAWARE OF THEIR MUTUAL GOAL, BARNABAS GRELL AND REYNAH FIRECASTER BEGAN SEARCHING THE WOODS OF TIRISFAL GLADES.
GIVEN HOW COMMON YOUR BRETHREN ARE AROUND HERE, IT DIDN'T TAKE THEM VERY LONG TO FIND A SUITABLE TARGET.
HOLD STILL, YOU LITTLE TOAD!!
AAAAAHHH!!
I SAID HOLD STILL!!

STOP!!
FWASSSH
CURSED LITTLE WEASEL..
GYAAH!!
YOU!!
I SAID I'D BREAK YOUR NECK!!
NOW I'LL DO IT WITH MY AXE!!

WHOOOSH
WHA--?!
FWEEEM
SPELL-CASTERS.
JUST A MATTER...
PWANG
...OF HAVING THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE JOB!
HHRAH!!

WHAMM
GHHGH!!
RAAAAH!!
VRAMP
SCHUNK
WAIT! WAIT!!
MY FIGHT IS NOT WITH YOU, CORPSE!
I WAS ATTEMPTING TO FREEZE THAT SCARLET CRUSADER WHEN YOU BLOCKED MY SHOT!
BLOCKED YOUR SHOT?! I WAS SECONDS FROM HAMSTRINGING THAT SNIVELING LITTLE WART!!
LISTEN... IT SOUNDS AS IF WE'VE GOT SOMETHING IN COMMON.

ALL THIS PRATTLING ON IS POINTLESS.
YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO CONVINCE ME TO GIVE UP MY *LIFE'S CAUSE* WITH SOME STORY ABOUT *REVENGE?*
I'D TELL YOU TO SAVE YOUR BREATH... IF YOU *HAD* ANY.
NAY... 'TIS A *FINE* TALE SHE TELLS.
NOW LET HER *TELL* IT, YE SPOTTY *TWIT*, OR I'LL STAVE IN YOUR SKULL *MESELF.*
HOW *DARE* YOU SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY, YOU SICK LITTLE *LUMP!* I'LL--

YOU'LL DO *WHAT*, EXACTLY?
IF EVERYONE'S QUITE DONE THUMPING THEIR CHESTS.. ?
GO ON, THEN... IF YOU *MUST*.
BARNABAS AND REYNAH MADE A *PACT*.
THEY DECIDED TO WORK TOGETHER, *UNTIL* THIS *CAPTAIN LAUER* WOMAN WAS CAUGHT.
AFTER THAT... ALL BETS WERE OFF AGAIN.

AND WITH THE TWO OF THEM WORKING TOGETHER, FINDING LAUER'S CAMP IN THE FOREST ONLY TOOK A FEW HOURS...
WE'LL NEED TO MAKE ANOTHER TRIP TO TYR'S HAND NEXT WEEK. HAVE A SUPPLY LIST READY.
YES, CAPTAIN.
CAPTAIN!
YES? WHAT IS IT?
IT'S THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN PATROLS, CAPTAIN...
NEITHER OF THEM HAS COME BACK!

CRUSADERS!!
TAKE UP ARMS!! WE MAY BE UNDER ATT--
BAOOOM
THERE WAS VERY LITTLE SUBTLETY IN THEIR APPROACH.
FIRE MAGI AND WARRIORS DON'T USE SUBTLETY, AFTER ALL.

HERE THEY COME.
YES.
LET'S KILL THEM ALL.
CRUSADERS!!
CHARGE!!
SLATCH
TWO OF YOU?!
YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE MY ENTIRE CAMP WITH JUST TWO OF YOU?!

AAOW!!
SLASH
TAKE THIS!
WHOCK
GNNHH!!
AH... YOU MUST BE CAPTAIN LAUER.
I'D TALK MORE... BUT I HAVE TO KILL YOU.
DO TELL.
REYNAH?
AT YOUR SERVICE, MONSTER.
ITEM

WE HAD A DEAL! I DON'T CARE HOW WE SETTLE IT, BUT WE SETTLE IT NOW!
LOOK, WE WORKED WELL TOGETHER.
I DON'T ACTUALLY WANT TO HURT YOU ANYMORE...
...BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T. JUST WALK AWAY, BARNABAS!
"WALK AWAY"?! YOU HAVE TO BE JOKING! LAUER'S HEAD IS MINE, AND IF IT MEANS TAKING YOURS AS WELL... THEN SO BE IT!
YOU'VE TRIED THAT BEFORE, YOU ROTTING HULK! DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK!

BARNABAS AND REYNAH THOUGHT THEY'D GOTTEN AWAY CLEAN. THEY HAD LAUER RIGHT WHERE THEY WANTED HER, FAR AWAY FROM HER TROOPS.
BUT THE TWO OF THEM WERE SO INTENT ON DETERMINING WHO WOULD DEAL THE KILLING BLOW...
...THAT THEY FORGOT TO EXERCISE BASIC CAUTION.
!!
WAAK
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN?!
I'M FINE.
BRING THESE TWO BACK TO CAMP. I WANT TO MAKE EXAMPLES OF THEM.

LATER...
I'M NOT BLIND TO THE FACT THAT OUR CAUSE IS UNPOPULAR...
...BUT I NEVER EXPECTED A SUICIDE MISSION LIKE THE ONE I JUST WITNESSED.
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAVE INSPIRED THE TWO OF YOU TO RUSH INTO THE LION'S JAWS LIKE THAT?
YOU KILLED MY NIECE, JILLIAN. AS INNOCENT A LIFE AS EVER WAS...YOU TRACKED HER TO HER OLD FARM...
...WHERE SHE WAS IN THE PROCESS OF BUYING A JEWEL... FOR ME...
...AND YOU KILLED HER. JUST SNUFFED HER OUT.
I CANNOT LET THAT STAND...!

YOUR TURN, POINT-EARS.
AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU, THE FIRST WORD YOU SPEAK THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SPELL, THAT BOLT PIERCES YOUR SKULL.
MY FAMILY ARE JEWELCRAFTERS. MY BROTHER, RINN... WENT TO TIRISFAL GLADES TO DELIVER A CERTAIN DAWNSTONE...
...ORDERED BY A FORSAKEN GIRL NAMED JILLIAN.
I BELIEVE YOU KNOW THE REST

AND WHAT OF YOU?!
WHAT REASON DID YOU HAVE FOR CUTTING DOWN OUR LOVED ONES?! WHY THEM?!
WHY?
BECAUSE THEY WERE THERE. THAT'S WHY.
I WOULD ATTRIBUTE THIS IGNORANCE TO YOUR ROTTING BRAIN, BUT I CAN SEE THAT POINT-EARS WANTS TO KNOW THE REASON AS WELL.
IT'S BECAUSE THIS LAND--THIS WORLD--BELONGS TO HUMANS, OF COURSE! YOU'RE ALL INTRUDERS HERE!

IT WOULD BE UNCONSCIONABLE-- *CRIMINAL*--
--FOR US NOT TO MAKE *EVERY EFFORT* TO EXPUNGE YOU AND ALL YOUR NON-HUMAN *FILTH* FROM AZEROTH! DON'T YOU SEE?
VIOLENCE... DESTRUCTION... *DEATH*... IT'S *HOLY WORK!* THIS WORLD IS *AILING*...
...AND *YOU* ARE ITS *DISEASE!!*
KILLING YOUR NIECE... YOUR *BROTHER*...
...WE'RE SIMPLY DOING WHAT'S *RIGHT.*

BURN!!!
ALL OF YOU...
BURN!!
GO!! TAKE THEM!!
NOW!!

REYNAH-- WITHOUT MY BLADES... THERE'RE TOO MANY OF THEM!
CAN YOU--
NOW!!
THMP
THNK
BARNABAS.. I'M SORRY...
BOOOM

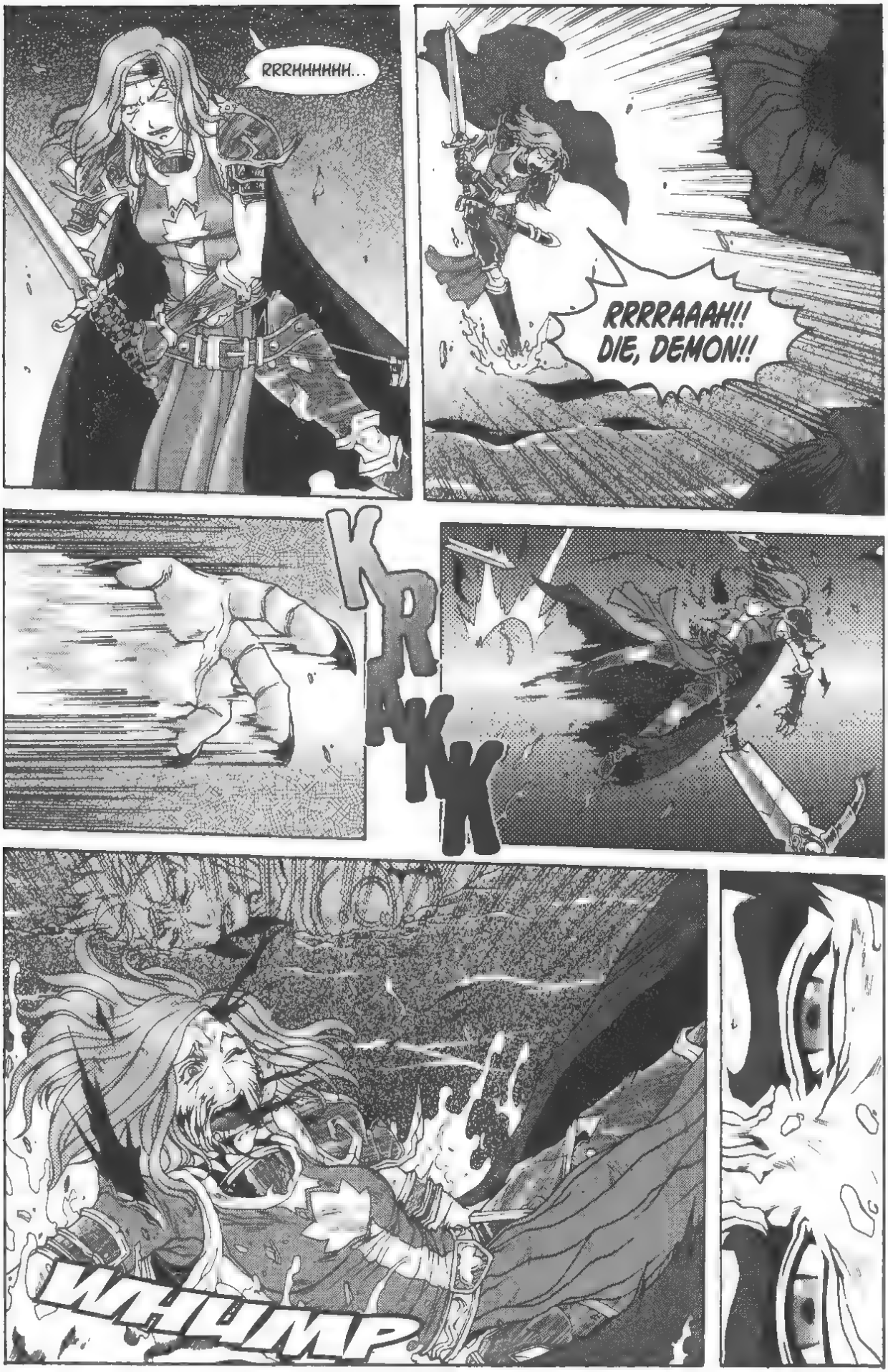
WELL... THIS DIDN'T PROVE AS ENLIGHTENING AS I'D HOPED IT WOULD.
FINISH THEM OFF.
SNAPPT
FWAACK

DISPOSE OF THE BODIES.
YES, CAPTAIN!
WOULD YOU PREF--
FSSSCHUNK
CRUSADERS!!

RETREAT!!
IT HAD TAKEN A LONG TIME TOO LONG. BUT THE BANSHEE QUEEN FINALLY HEARD REYNAH'S AND BARNABAS'S WORDS.
AND ONCE SHE ACTED SHE ACTED DECISIVELY.
STEFAN!! COME ON!!
I HAVE TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!
B-BUT-- SHOULDN'T WE STAY AND FIGHT?!
I CAN'T LET YOU DIE!! DO YOU HEAR ME?! I CAN'T!!

THNK
AAAGH!!
THNK
NO!!
STEFAN, DON'T STOP!! KEEP RUNNING!! WE'VE GOT T--
HURK!
THNK
STEFAN... STEFAN, NO... NO, YOU CAN'T DIE...
I-I... I WON'T LET YOU...
SORRY... C-CAN'T RUN... ANYMORE...
I WON'T LET YOU!!

YOU MUST BE THE LEADER HERE.
GOOD.


RRRHHHHHH...
RRRRAAAH!!
DIE, DEMON!!
KRAKK
WHUMP

YOU... WERE WRONG.
IF YOU... HADN'T K-KILLED... JILLIAN AND RINN...
..WE'D B-BOTH BE.. ALIVE... NOW.
STEFAN... D-DON'T...
BUT STEFAN DIED. RIGHT THERE, AS LAUER WATCHED. AND THE ONLY THING LAUER COULD THINK WAS...
... "WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL HIS MOTHER?"

H-HE .. HE WAS MY SISTER'S SON..
PERHAPS HE IS IN A BETTER PLACE NOW.
ESTABLISHING A CAMP THIS CLOSE TO UNDERCITY?
WE NEED TO SEND A MESSAGE.
TAKE NO PRISONERS.
AND THAT WAS THE LAST SIGHT CAPTAIN LAUER EVER SAW WHILE HER HEART COULD STILL BEAT.

DO YOU SEE MY POINT?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU?
WAIT, WAIT, WAIT. WAIT JUST A MINUTE...
HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?! HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT JUST MAKING IT UP?!
BECAUSE...
...MY NAME IS RENEE LAUER. STEFAN WAS MY NEPHEW.
IF ANYONE HAS GROUNDS TO SPEAK OUT AGAINST THE SENSELESSNESS OF VIOLENCE...I DO.
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE MOVED BY THE WORDS OF A TRAITOR?
YOU BETRAYED THE CAUSE! YOUR PATHETIC STORY ONLY STRENGTHENS MY RESOLVE!
I'LL DIE BEFORE I LEAVE THE CRUSADE!

SIGH...
YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST CAPTIVE TO WHOM I'VE TOLD MY STORY. YOU WON'T BE THE LAST.
I'LL KEEP TELLING IT... KEEP TRYING...
...FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES.
WELL IF YOU TRY TO SPIN YOUR YARN FOR ME AGAIN, I WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR IT OVER THE RUMBLE IN MY BELLY.
OR DO YOU INTEND TO STARVE ME TO DEATH?
NO... NO. CERTAINLY NOT.
I'LL SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU SOME FRESH PUMPKIN.
END

# WARCRAFT LEGENDS

VOLUME THREE

## I GOT WHAT YULE NEED

WRITTEN BY CHRISTIE GOLDEN

ART BY CARLOS OLIVARES
& JANINA GORRISSEIN

OH! HELLO THERE!
I'M WULMORT JINGLEPOCKET! WELCOME TO ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF SMOKYWOOD STORYTIME...
EXCITING TALES OF ADVENTURE BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE GOOD PEOPLE OF SMOKYWOOD PASTURES!
FRESH FROM OUR FARM TO YOUR PLATE, IT'S SMOKYWOOD PASTURES WHOLESOME GOODNESS!

IN FACT, THESE LOOK SO DELICIOUS, I HAVE TO HAVE A BITE MYSELF... MMMM!
THAT'S A SMOKYWOOD PASTURES TASTE SENSATION!
TONIGHT'S STORY IS A VERY SPECIAL ONE. I'M SURE ALL YOU GOOD GIRLS AND BOYS KNOW THAT THE FEAST OF WINTER VEIL IS RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER.
SO TONIGHT, WE AT SMOKYWOOD PASTURES OFFER YOU...
..."A VERY SMOKYWOOD WINTER VEIL"!

BOOTY BAY
KER-POW
GUHHHH!!
OOOOOF!!
UHHHH..
I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DOCK YOUR PAY, KRIZZ.
YOU BROKE THE NUMBER ONE RULE.. ACTUALLY, THE ONLY RULE

NEVER BETRAY A CLIENT'S CONFIDENCE.
BARON, I HAD TO, HE WAS GONNA--
SWAGK
GURK!!
YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS TOWN AGAIN!

KRIZZ'S FORMER BOSS WAS RIGHT. NO ONE WOULD GIVE KRIZZ A JOB IN BOOTY BAY. BUT THERE WERE OTHER GOBLIN TOWNS...
GADGETZAN
MUDSPROCKET
AND STAY OUT!!
...AND EVERLOOK.
...I GOT NOTHING.
YEAH. NO ONE DOES. FUNNY THAT, HUH?

HEY...KRIZZ...HANG ON A MINUTE...
FWIP
Wulmort Jinglepocket
Goblin Resources Director
Smokywood Pastures, Inc.
Ironforge, Khaz Modan
IT'S JUST SEASONAL WORK, BUT IT'S SOMETHING.

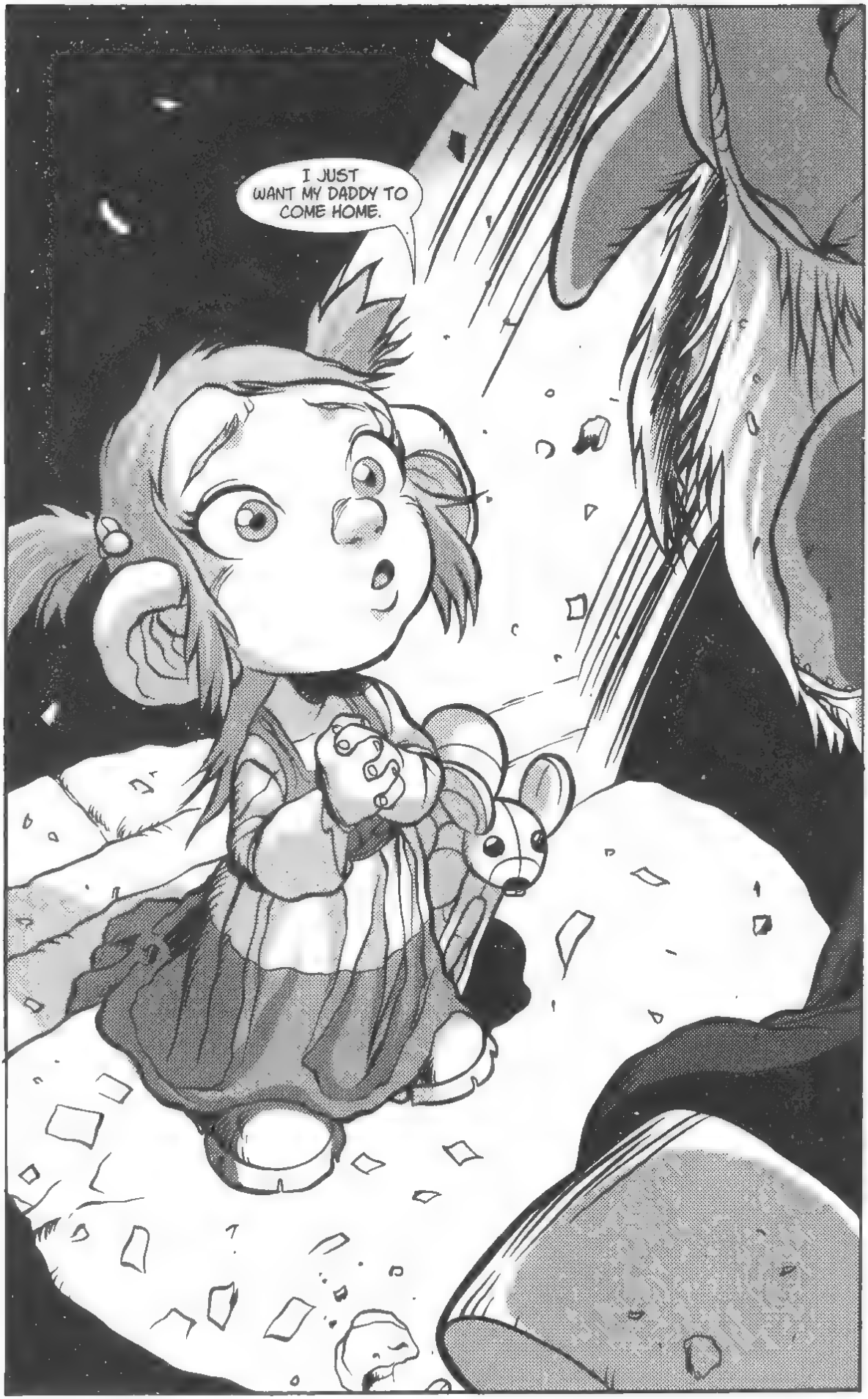
OF COURSE, THE KIND-HEARTED PEOPLE OF SMOKYWOOD PASTURES HIRED KRIZZ RIGHT AWAY!
HE WAS SOON SELLING DELICIOUS TASTE TREATS TO EAGER CHILDREN--AND THEIR FAMILIES--TO CELEBRATE THE FEAST OF WINTER VEIL!
FOR THE FIRST COUPLE OF WEEKS OF THE FESTIVE HOLIDAY, EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE A GOOD STORY, DOES IT?
AND SO IT CAME TO PASS ON THE FINAL NIGHT--WINTER VEIL EVE ITSELF--SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT WOULD CHANGE KRIZZ'S LIFE FOREVER...
WHOA... LOOKS LIKE OUR "GREATFATHER WINTER" HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH WINTER VEIL CHEER...

How dry I am...hic!
OH GREAT...!
HE COULDN'T HAVE WAITED A FEW HOURS TO START CELEBRATING?!
JUST LOOK AT THAT LINE...!
SO, WE GOT NO GREATFATHER WINTER. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
Hic!
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO...
...WHAT?

FOR THE RECORD?
THIS REALLY STINKS.
OH, COME ON NOW, KRIZZ! THINK HOW MUCH WINTER VEIL CHEER YOU'LL BRING TO ALL THOSE GOOD KIDS! BESIDES...
...YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US BIG ENOUGH TO WEAR THE SUIT.

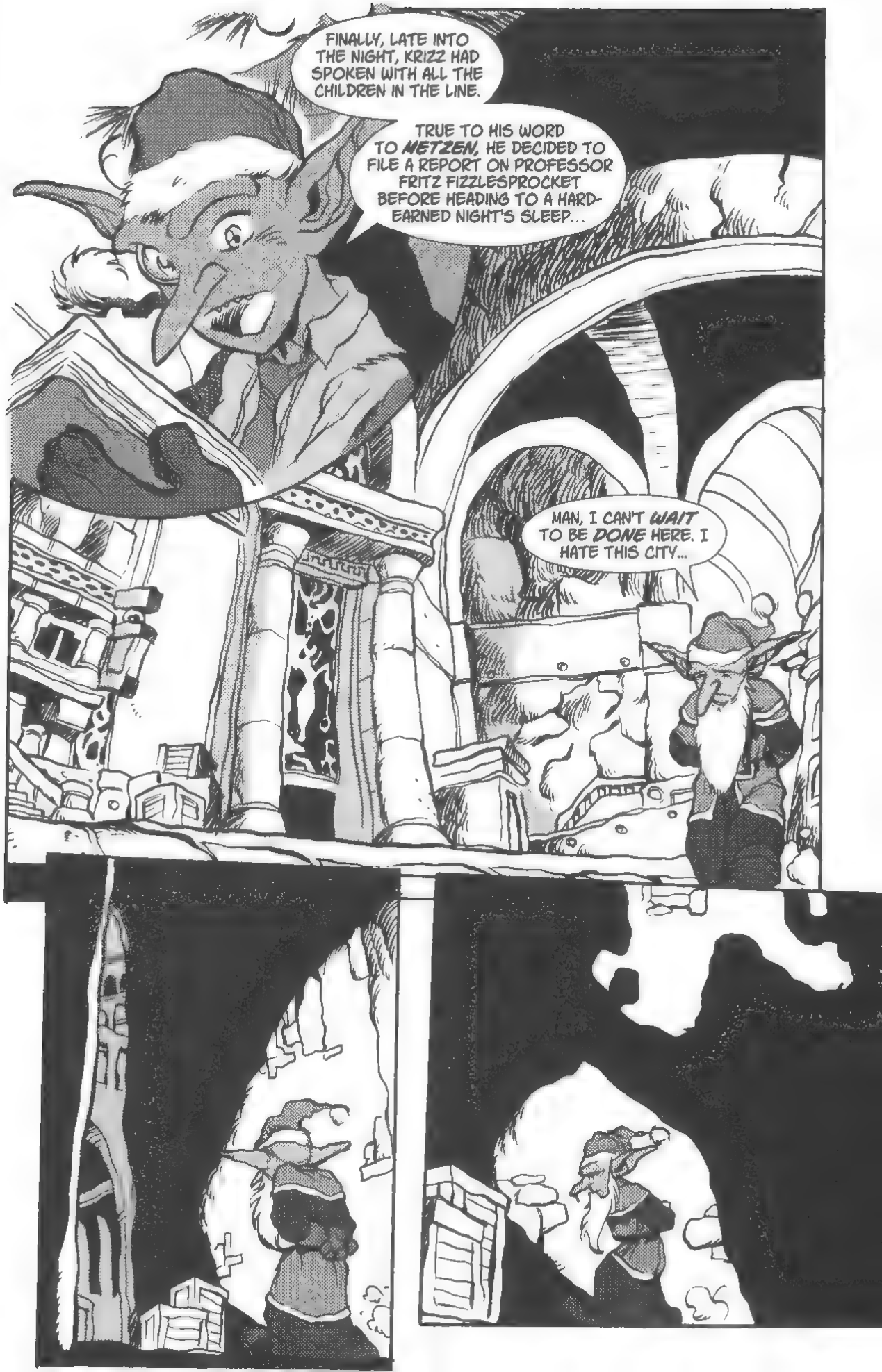
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY... COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY YOU'RE IN IRONFORGE.
IF YOU WERE IN ORGRIMMAR, YOU'D HAVE ORCS, TROLLS AND TAUREN IN YOUR LAP INSTEAD OF DWARVES AND GNOMES!
BESIDES...IT'S JUST THE ONE NIGHT.
YEAH...ONE REALLY, REALLY LONG NIGHT...

...AN' I WANT A STEAM TONK, AN' A SPYGLASS, AN'...
SO THIS YEAR COULD I *PLEEEEASE* BE ABLE TO TURN INTO A *BEAR*?!
*CAN I*?!
SO, WHADDYA *WANT*, KID? NICE NEW DRESS? A KITTEN?


I JUST WANT MY DADDY TO COME HOME.

UMMMMM...
MY DADDY'S A FAMOUS ENGINEER. HIS NAME IS FRITZ FIZZLESPROCKET AND I'M FALA.
HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR OVER TWO WEEKS. NOBODY ELSE CAN HELP ME FIND HIM, SO I CAME TO ASK SOMEONE WHO COULD GRANT MY WINTER VEIL WISH...
GREATFATHER WINTER!
YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN GIVE ME A WINTER VEIL MIRACLE AND BRING MY DADDY HOME!

WHOA, KID, HOLD ON...! I'M NOT REALLY GREATFA--
A-HEM! IX-NAY, IX-NAY!
ER, THAT IS, W-WELL, LITTLE... FALA, WAS IT...?
WELL, GOOD OLD GREATFATHER WINTER WILL DO EVERYTHING HE CAN, AS I'M SURE YOU'VE BEEN A G-GOOD LITTLE GIRL...
OH, THANK YOU, GREATFATHER WINTER!
I KNEW YOU WOULD HELP ME!
Snort!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK, METZEN! I'M NOT GREATFATHER WINTER AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR THAT KID, ALL RIGHT?
I'LL GO... FILE A REPORT OR SOMETHING WHEN WE'RE DONE TONIGHT... BUT THAT'S ALL!
I CAN'T GET INVOLVED... AND THAT'S THE END OF IT!


FINALLY, LATE INTO THE NIGHT, KRIZZ HAD SPOKEN WITH ALL THE CHILDREN IN THE LINE.
TRUE TO HIS WORD TO *METZEN,* HE DECIDED TO FILE A REPORT ON PROFESSOR FRITZ FIZZLESPROCKET BEFORE HEADING TO A HARD-EARNED NIGHT'S SLEEP...
MAN, I CAN'T *WAIT* TO BE *DONE* HERE. I HATE THIS CITY...

WHAT THE--?!
THWACK
WHY, HAPPY WINTER VEIL EVE TO YOU, "GREATFATHER WINTER"!
:CHUCKLE: I MUST SAY, I'M SURPRISED THEY HIRED A GOBLIN FOR THE JOB...I WOULD THINK THEY WOULD PREFER A DWARF.

WELL, GREEN IS A PERFECTLY TRADITIONAL COLOR FOR WINTER VEIL... I CAN DO THE JOB JUST FINE.
WHADDYA WANT?!
I'M SURE YOU CAN! I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF EVERYTHING...WAS ALL TAKEN CARE OF FOR THE BIG DAY TOMORROW.
UH, S-SURE... SURE IT IS. OL' GREATFATHER WINTER'S GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL...
WHOA...NUTCASE HERE. PROBABLY GOT COAL IN HIS STOCKING AS A KID. BETTER HUMOR HIM.
WE'RE ALL GLAD TO HEAR THAT. THE TINKER IS ALMOST DONE WITH THE SPECIAL TOY. ARE THE OTHER PRESENTS GOING TO BE READY FOR DELIVERY TOMORROW MORNING?
SURE... HEY, I'M GREATFATHER WINTER, AREN'T I? ALL THE LITTLE KIDS ARE GONNA BE HAPPY TOMORROW MORNING. I DO MY JOB RIGHT.
HA HA! IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE YOU DO! THE SPECIAL TOY WILL BE WAITING AT THE DUN MOROGH AIRFIELD RIGHT BEFORE MIDNIGHT-- JUST LIKE WE SAID.
AIRFIELD, HUH? OF COURSE. I GUESS FLYING REINDEER DO NEED A CLEAR LANDING SPACE.
HA HA HA! YOU GOT A GOOD SENSE O' HUMOR THERE! WE'LL LOOK FOR OUR VISIT FROM GREATFATHER WINTER RIGHT BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

WOW. CERTIFIABLE.
MAN, I HATE THIS JOB. YOU MEET ALL KINDS OF WHACKOS.
IS THE NICE DWARF GOING TO HELP YOU FIND MY DADDY?
OH, UH, H-HEY, KID. WHADDYA MEAN, "NICE DWARF"?
THAT NICE DWARF YOU WERE JUST TALKING TO. HE KNOWS MY DADDY.
HE CAME TO TALK TO HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE DADDY DISAPPEARED. DO YOU KNOW HIM TOO, THEN?

I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF EVERYTHING...WAS ALL TAKEN CARE OF FOR THE BIG DAY TOMORROW.
THE TINKER IS ALMOST DONE WITH THE SPECIAL TOY. ARE THE OTHER PRESENTS GOING TO BE READY FOR DELIVERY TOMORROW MORNING?
THE SPECIAL TOY WILL BE WAITING AT THE DUN MOROGH AIRFIELD RIGHT BEFORE MIDNIGHT--JUST LIKE WE SAID.
NO . OH NO..
KID... FALA...
YOUR DAD'S AN ENGINEER, RIGHT? A...TINKER?
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT... HE MADE ME BOLTS FOR MY BIRTHDAY!
AND YOU'RE SURE THAT'S THE DWARF YOUR DAD WAS TALKING TO RIGHT BEFORE HE WENT MISSING?
MM-HMM! I OVERHEARD THEM TALKING. SOMETHING ABOUT A JOB DADDY DIDN'T WANT TO DO...
SO...YOU ARE GOING TO HELP ME, AREN'T YOU GREATFATHER WINTER?
Chitter!
WHIRR CLICK

WELL, I...
BUT FIRST, I GOTTA GET US A *RIDE...!*
*YES,* FALA. *I WILL.* NOW COME ON! GREATFATHER WINTER'S GONNA *RESCUE YOUR DADDY!*
...SO *THAT'S THE DEAL,* METZEN. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HELP US OUT AND TAKE US TO THE AIRFIELD?
Nod Nod
METZEN CAN *FLY ON HIS OWN*--BUT IF HE'S GONNA CARRY *US TWO AS WELL,* WE GOTTA BE *JUST A LITTLE LIGHTER.* DON'T USE *TOO* MUCH DUST, THOUGH, OR YOU'LL *FLY AWAY!*
tinkle
tinkle
?!

HANG ON TIGHT, FALA...
CLOP
CLIP
CLOP
...BECAUSE HERE WE GO!!
WHIRR
Squeak!

TWINKLE
TWINKLE
DOWN THERE! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE PLA--
THE SPECIAL TOY...

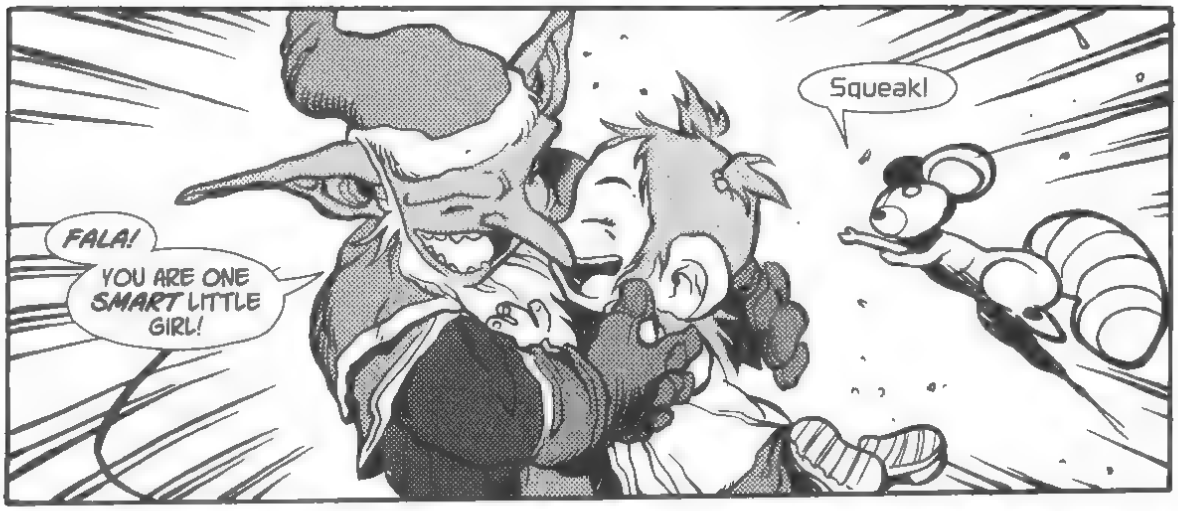
DADDY!!

STAY BACK, KID!!
THMP
SKIP
LET OL' GREATFATHER WINTER DO WHAT HE DOES BEST!!
POW
UNGH!!
KRUNCH!
KRACK
OOOF!!

CLICK
BOOM
THOCK
GYAAH!!
BLEAT! BLEAT!
WHAT, METZEN?! DON'T YOU SEE I'VE GOT MY HANDS BUSY HE--
FALA...! OH NO...!
UNNHH...

GRRRR...
SPARKLE
tinkle
tinkle
TINKLE
SPARKLE
SPARKLE
TINKLE

WHAT THE--?!
HELP! I'M AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!!
TINKLE
I CAN'T STOP IT!!
TINKLE
SPARKLE
SPARKLE
SPARKLE
TINKLE


Squeak!
FALA!
YOU ARE ONE SMART LITTLE GIRL!

YOUR DADDY WILL BE SO PROUD--SO LET'S GO TELL HIM!

KRIZZ AND FALA WERE ABLE TO QUICKLY FREE THE CAPTIVES--ALL THE GNOME MECHANICS AND PILOTS AND OF COURSE, PROFESSOR FIZZLESPROCKET! HE HAD QUITE A STORY FOR HIS RESCUERS...
FALA! OH, MY LITTLE GIRL!
DADDY!

HOW CAN I THANK YOU...GREATFATHER... WINTER?

CLOSE ENOUGH. YOU CAN THANK US BY TELLING US *WHAT THE FEL* HAPPENED...AND WHAT *THIS* THING IS!
...IT STARTED *TWO WEEKS AGO*...
OF COURSE! WELL...

KNOCK KNOCK
WHO COULD IT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
AH, PROFESSOR FRITZ FIZZLESPROCKET! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU TO DO! AGREE, AND WE'LL PAY YOU WELL. GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE...
...WELL, I'M SURE WE'D BOTH HATE TO SEE ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THAT CUTE LITTLE GIRL OF YOURS.
WHAT?! DON'T YOU DARE HARM MY FALA! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

IT WAS A HORRIBLE THING THEY WANTED ME TO DO...A TRULY DEVIOUS PLAN...
IT WAS SEVERAL DARK IRON DWARVES WHO WERE BEHIND IT ALL. THEY WANTED ME TO BUILD A GIANT ROBOT AND PUT IT IN A GREATFATHER WINTER COSTUME.
THE DWARF WHO PLAYED GREATFATHER WINTER? HE WAS IN ON THE PLOT AS WELL!
"GREATFATHER WINTER" WOULD COME TO THE AIRFIELD ON WINTER VEIL EVE, SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT. WITH A BIT OF REINDEER DUST, HE'D BE ABLE TO TAKE MY ROBOT TO IRONFORGE EASILY!

WHAT A GREAT PUBLICITY STUNT...A GIANT ROBOT GREATFATHER WINTER, COMING TO IRONFORGE...
...TO GATHER UP THE GIFTS FOR DELIVERY TO GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS! EXCEPT THOSE "GIFTS" WERE MORE VALUABLE THAN TOYS OR TREATS...
THE DARK IRON DWARVES HAD STOLEN PRICELESS TREASURES...FROM THE VAULTS OF THE EXPLORERS' LEAGUE AND FROM THE ROYAL TREASURY ITSELF!
THEY HAD HIDDEN THE ARTIFACTS AND JEWELS AS ORDINARY PRESENTS UNDER THE WINTER VEIL TREE...
...PRESENTS THAT MY CREATION WOULD STEAL FOR THEM RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF HAPPY REVELERS!

BUT THANKS TO YOU, THAT PLAN WAS FOILED AND I CAN COME BACK HOME TO MY DAUGHTER!
THIS IS THE BEST WINTER VEIL EVER!
YEAH...WELL, I'M GLAD IT ALL WORKED OUT.
THE PILOTS TELL ME THEY CAN GET YOU TWO HOME SAFE.
SEE YA AROUND...

I BETRAYED A CLIENT'S CONFIDENCE.
I NEVER DID TELL YOU WHAT I DID TO GET FIRED FROM MY LAST JOB, DID I, METZEN?
HE WAS LOOKING FOR HELP WITH A HIT...AN INNOCENT MAN AND HIS FAMILY WERE GOING TO GET KILLED.
I...JUST COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.
JUST LIKE I COULDN'T NOT HELP FALA AND HER DAD TONIGHT.

AWW...THANKS, BUDDY... THANKS.
LICK
LICK
WHIRR
CHITTER

...JUST A GOBLIN.
I KNOW THAT. I KNEW IT ALL ALONG.
WH-WHAAAA?! YOU DID?!
OF COURSE! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT GREATFATHER WINTER...
KID...LISTEN. I-I'M NOT REALLY GREATFATHER WINTER. I'M JUST KRIZZ...
...DOESN'T HAVE EARS LIKE THAT!
WHA HA HA HA!!

BUT YOU WERE ABLE TO SAVE MY DADDY. NOT EVEN THE REAL GREATFATHER WINTER COULD HAVE DONE ANY BETTER!
COMPASSION AND COURAGE KNOW NO RACE, MY FRIEND.
YOU MAY BE "JUST A GOBLIN," BUT YOU'VE MADE FALA AND ME BELIEVE AGAIN IN THE TRUE SPIRIT OF WINTER VEIL.
WE'D BE HONORED IF YOU'D JOIN US FOR WINTER VEIL EVE DINNER.

AND SO IT WAS THAT KRIZZ FOUND HIMSELF SHARING DINNER WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS. AND HE, HE HIMSELF, KRIZZ THE GOBLIN, CARVED THE ROAST BOAR!
THE TREASURES WERE RETURNED TO THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNERS AND THE CHILDREN HAD A WONDERFUL WINTER VEIL MORNING OPENING THEIR PRESENTS.
ALL THE DWARVES INVOLVED IN THE THEFTS WERE ROUNDED UP AND ARRESTED.
AND EVEN FIZZLESPROCKET'S ROBOT, ORIGINALLY CREATED FOR AN EVIL PURPOSE, HAD AN IMPORTANT JOB ON THIS IMPORTANT DAY...

LOOKEE WHAT ME CAN DO!

AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER! WE HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS *SPECIAL EDITION* OF SMOKYWOOD STORYTIME!
WE HERE AT SMOKYWOOD PASTURES WISH YOU AND YOURS THE *HAPPIEST* OF WINTER VEIL CELEBRATIONS. DON'T FORGET TO PICK UP YOUR GIFT BASKETS OF *DELICIOUS SMOKYWOOD PASTURES TREATS!*
*SEE YOU NEXT TIME!*
...AND CUT!
*FINALLY.*
MAN, I *HATE* THIS TIME OF YEAR...!
TOSS

SHOULD BE GOOD HOLOGRAPHIC RECORDING FOR SMOKYWOOD STORYTIMES!
LOOKED VERY, VERY GOOD TO ME!
THAT'S GOOD NEWS. THINK I'D KEEL OVER IF I HAD TO DO THAT ONE MORE TIME.
'NIGHT EVERYONE. ANOTHER WINTER VEIL HAS COME AND GONE...
...THANK GOODNESS.

"May you be blessed with all the joys of the holiday season."
--Christie Golden and Carlos Olivares
THE END

# WARCRAFT

## LEGENDS

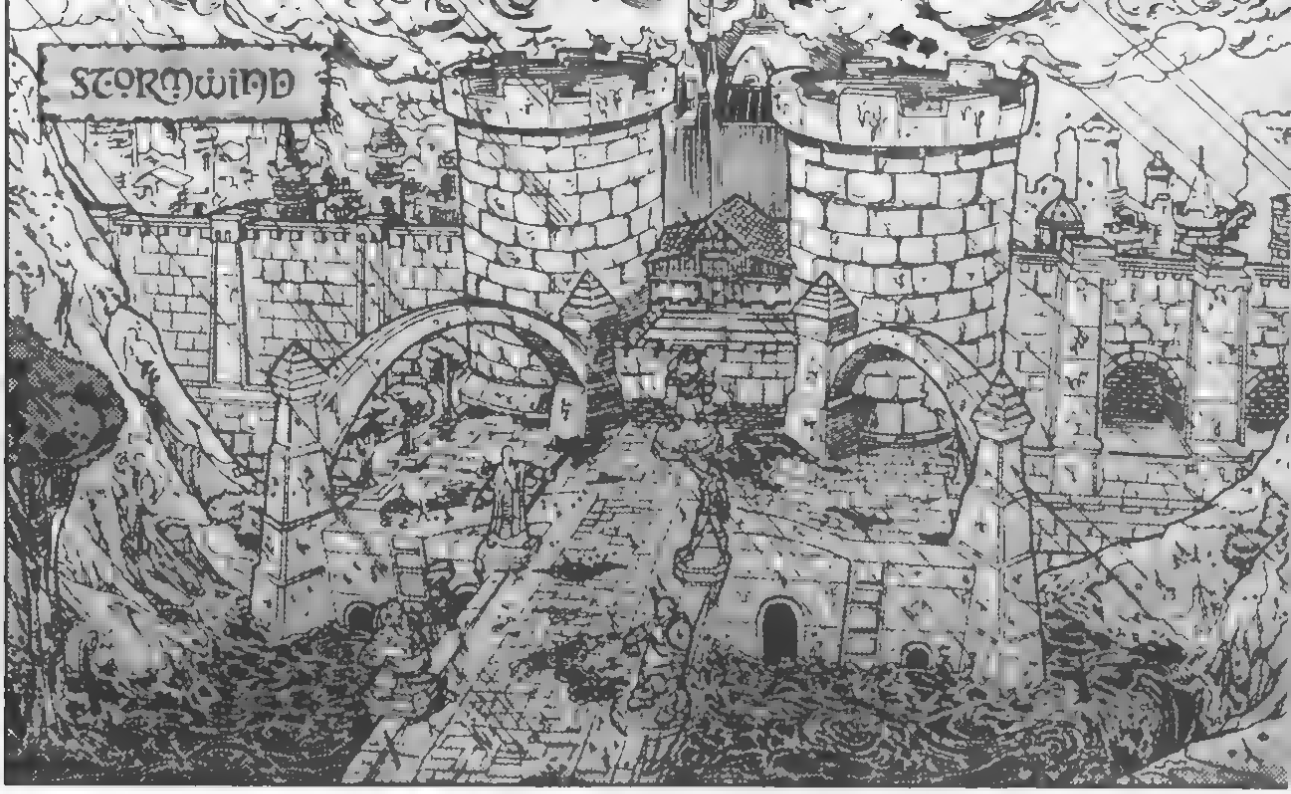
VOLUME THREE

# THE THRILL OF THE HUNT

WRITTEN BY TROY LEWTER

PENCILS BY QING PING MUI
INKS BY ALTERCOMICS STUDIOS

TONES BY MARA AUM


STORMWIND

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR *MIND*, PAL!
THERE IS NO WAY A *DRAGONHAWK* CAN BEAT A *WARP STALKER!*

THE WARP STALKER IS *HEAVIER* AND HAS A *LOWER CENTER OF GRAVITY!*

*AND?* FAT GOOD IT'LL DO HIM ONCE THE DRAGONHAWK FLIES IN, SNATCHES 'IM UP AND DROPS 'IM OFF A *CLIFF.*

THAT'S THE *POINT* THOUGH, ISN'T IT?! HE CAN'T PICK IT UP BECAUSE HE'S TOO BLEEDIN' *HEAVY!*
WHILE HE'S FLAPPIN' ABOUT TRYING TO LIFT IT, THE WARP STALKER WOULD JUST *SNAP IT UP* IN ITS *JAWS!*

PIPE DOWN, ANGUS. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE MAKING SUCH A DIN OVER THIS. .
I MEAN HONESTLY, HAVE YOU EVER EVEN SEEN A WARP STALKER?
WHAT...? WITH MY OWN TWO EYES, YOU MEAN?
NO, WITH CONNOR'S EYES OVER HERE... OF COURSE WITH YOUR EYES, YOU IDIOT!
THEN NO... NO, I CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVE. BUT I HAVE HEARD THE STORIES DESCRIBING IT...!
ARE YOU HAVIN' ME ON?! FOR TWENTY MINUTES WE'VE BEEN HAVING THIS DEBATE, HE AND I, AND HIS ARGUMENT'S BASED ON A CREATURE HE'S NEVER EVEN SEEN!
BY THAT LOGIC, I CAN SAY A THREE-HEADED GORILLA CAN BEAT A DRAGONHAWK, 'CUZ NEVER MIND IF I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE, BECAUSE THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT, IS IT?!
I. .IT... LOOK, DON'T YOU HAVE SOME POTATOES TO PEEL OR SOMETHING?!
I SURE HOPE SO... I'M BOUND TO GET A MORE SENSIBLE CONVERSATION FROM A SPUD THAN YOU!
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
LISTEN TO THAT THUNDER... THAT'S SOME STORM BREWIN' OUT THERE TONIGHT. IT'S NOT FIT FOR MAN OR BEAST...

SLAM
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
BARKEEP!
I SAY, BARKEEP! I WANT FIVE STEINS FROTHING WITH THE FINEST ALE FOR ME AND MY MATES!
RIGHT AWAY, SIR... AND I ASSUME YOU HAVE THE COIN TO PAY FOR IT AS WELL?
HEH HEH. OH, I DON'T KNOW
... YOU TELL ME. I'D SAY THIS BEAST'S HIDE SHOULD MORE THAN COVER THE PRICE OF DRINK AND A FINE MEAL TO BOOT!
FWUMP
HOLY... THAT'S ONE GIANT PUSSY CAT!
OUR MAN FLINT BAGGED HIM SINGLE-HANDED A FEW HOURS BACK!
AYE! FLINT HERE'S THE BEST HUNTER IN ALL AZEROTH! ISN'T HE, BOYS?

I MUST ADMIT THAT'S RATHER IMPRESSIVE STRANGER... YOU SAY YOU BAGGED THE BEAST BY YOUR LONESOME?
THAT'S RIGHT!
NOT A DEADLIER SHOT ALIVE THAN HIM!
TELL 'IM, FLINT! TELL 'IM WHAT YOU TOLD US!
OH, I DON'T KNOW, BOYS... SURELY YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR THAT OLD STORY AGAIN...
WHAT? OF COURSE WE DO! DON'T WE?!
THAT'S RIGHT, LADS! SURELY A BRAVE TALE SUCH AS THIS DESERVES TO BE TOLD TO ALL WILLIN' TO LISTEN!
YEAH! TELL IT AGAIN, FLINT!
WELL... IF YOU INSIST...
SO THERE I WAS IN ELWYNN FOREST, HUNTING THE FIERCE FELINE! THE SAVAGE BEAST WAS QUITE ELUSIVE, AS I GAVE IT CHASE NON-STOP FOR HOURS AND HOURS...
BUT THEN I FINALLY CORNERED IT, AS ITS ESCAPE PATH ENDED AT A WALL OF SHEER ROCK! WITH NOWHERE TO GO, THE BEAST TURNED SNARLING TOWARDS ME, ITS RAZOR SHARP TEETH FLASHING LIKE PEARLS IN A CHURNING SEA, ITS HAUNCHES TENSED AND READY TO SPRING...
THEN THE TIGER LEAPT! FOR A SPLIT SECOND I WAS FROZEN, AS I WAS BLINDED BY THE SHEER SAVAGENESS OF THE BEAST... BUT THEN THE COLD SPLASH OF HUNTER'S INSTINCT WASHED OVER ME, AND I RAISED MY RIFLE...
...AND FIRED!
SHOT IT DOWN MID-AIR, I DID. IT HIT THE GROUND NOT TWO FEET FROM ME. LET THAT BE A LESSON TO ALL HUNTERS...
...STAY YOUR GROUND AND KEEP YOUR WITS, AND THERE'S NOT A DUMB ANIMAL IN ALL OF AZEROTH YOU CAN'T KILL.
I WAS JUST DOING WHAT ANY HUNTER WORTH THE BULLETS IN HIS RIFLE WOULD IN THE SAME SITUATION.
NOT VERY LIKELY, FRIEND.

WHAT WAS THAT?!
NONE OF THAT BE TRUE. SHALL I TELL YE WHY?
DO YE KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKIN' TO, STRANGER?! 'TIS FLINT BROADSHOT, THE BEST HUNTER IN THE ENTIRE KINGDOM!
YOUR WORDS SOUND BOLD WHEN SPOKEN IN SHADOW... LET'S SEE IF YOUR AUDACITY REMAINS AS STEADFAST IN THE LIGHT!
E-EASY, FELLAS... I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE IN HERE...
YE SAY YE STOOD THE BEAST DOWN?
Y-YES...

AND THAT IT LEAPT AT YE... AND YE SHOT IT MIDAIR?
ARE YOU DEAF?
YES, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!
THEN, IF THAT BE THE CASE...
...HOW DO YE EXPLAIN THE DEEP GASH ENCOMPASSIN' ITS RIGHT ANKLE?
CLEARLY 'TIS A WOUND CAUSED BY A SNARE TRAP.
A SNARED BEAST CANNOT LEAP VERY FAR, NOW CAN IT, LAD? SURELY YE DIDN'T UNSNARE IT SO IT COULD ONLY THEN ATTACK YE, AYE?
AH... I-I... IT...
AND JUST WHAT ARE YOU PROPOSING?! ARE YOU CALLING ME A LIAR, SIR?!
NAY, LAD. NOT A LIAR...
...BUT A COWARD. YE SNARED THIS ANIMAL FIRST, AND THEN SHOT IT.

BY THE LIGHT THAT'S HEMET NESINGWARY
HE'S THE GREATEST HUNTER IN ALL OF AZEROTH...
AND? S-SO WHAT IF I DID?!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE HOW I KILLED IT, AS LONG AS IT WAS MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER?!
MY DEAR BOY...
ONE HAS HONOR... THE OTHER DOES NOT.
HA HA HA! THIS FROM THE "GREAT" HEMET NESINGWARY, A DWARF THAT'S KILLED HUNDREDS, NAY, THOUSANDS OF ANIMALS SINGLE HANDEDLY!
WHAT KNOW YOU OF HONOR?!
I WAS ONCE JUST LIKE YE. NOT A MOMENT'S THOUGHT DID I GIVE TO THE BEASTS LINED IN THE SIGHTS OF ME BARREL. I WOULD HIRE ME SERVICES TO ANYONE, ALWAYS SEEKIN' THE ADRENALINE RUSH OF TAKIN' THE ANIMAL DOWN BEFORE IT CAN DO THE SAME TO YOU.
THAT WAS, UNTIL ONE HUNT YEARS AGO CHANGED ME DEFINITION OF WHAT IT REALLY MEANS TO BE A HUNTER...

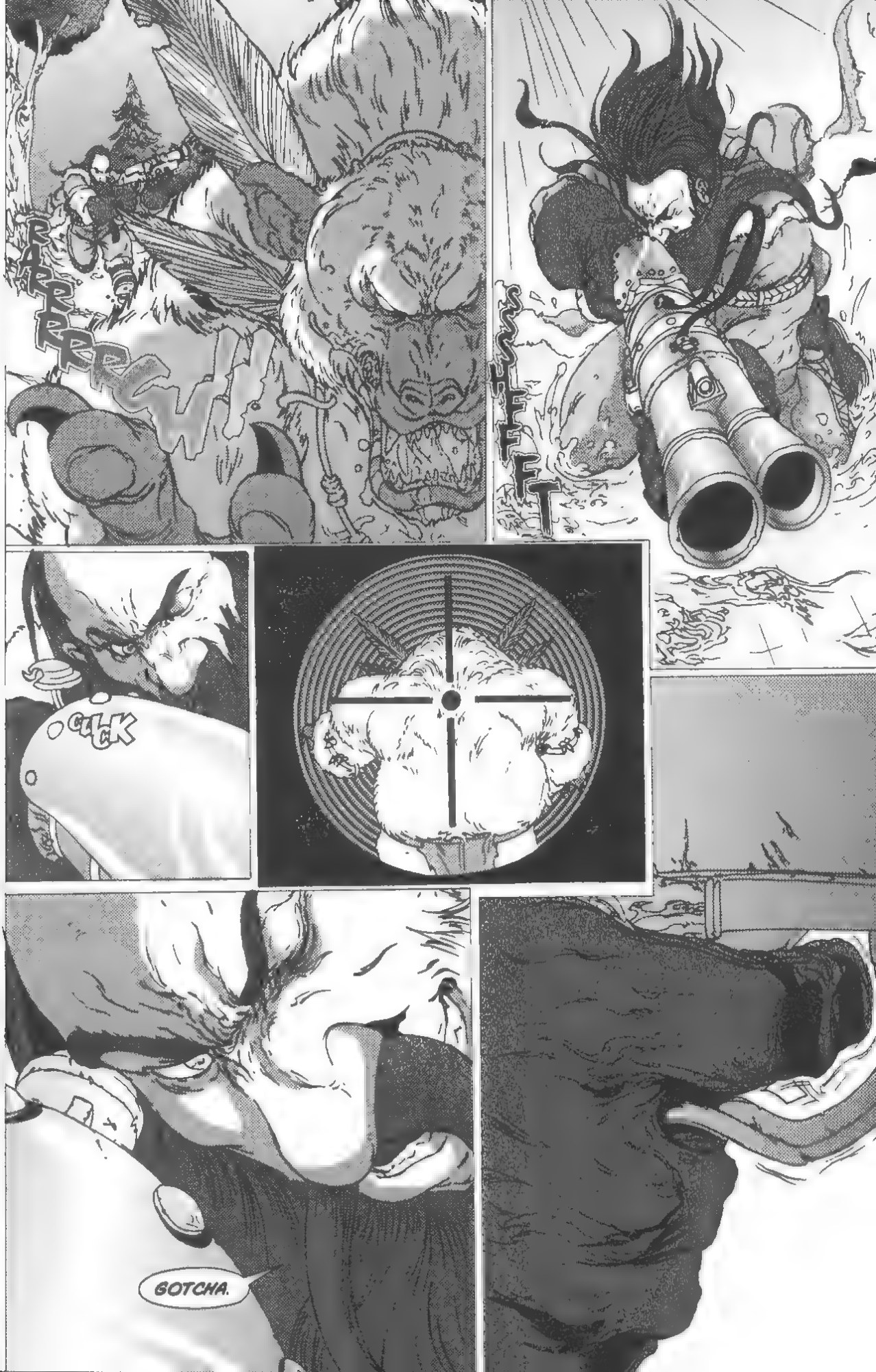
KALIMDOR
IT ALL BEGAN WITH A HUNT FOR A MAD FURBOLG THAT HAD BEEN TERRORIZIN' THE DRUID HAVEN MOONGLADE. I HAD BEEN HIRED BY THE LOCALS TO TRACK DOWN THE BEAST.
FOR DAYS I CHASED IT, FROM MOONGLADE TO THE SNOW-COVERED LANDS OF WINTERSPRING. BUT FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH DAY, I HAD IT RIGHT WHERE I WANTED IT...
HUFF... UNGH... HUFF...
RAAARRGGGHH!!

HUP!
GRAARRGH!!
KRAK
SWIPE
NYUUHH!!

UNH!
OOF!
HUNH!
YOU'LL HAVE TO... ⇒PANT⇐... MOVE FASTER THAN THAT... ⇒PANT⇐... IF YOU MEAN TO... ⇒HUFF⇐... HAVE ME FOR DINNER...
GRRRRRR...
!!
...AAAARRRRGH!!
ME AND MY BLASTED BIG MOUTH...!

REEYAAAARGH!!
FWIP

SWOOSH
BA-DOOM
THWUNK
ARRRRROOOOO!!!
THUNK

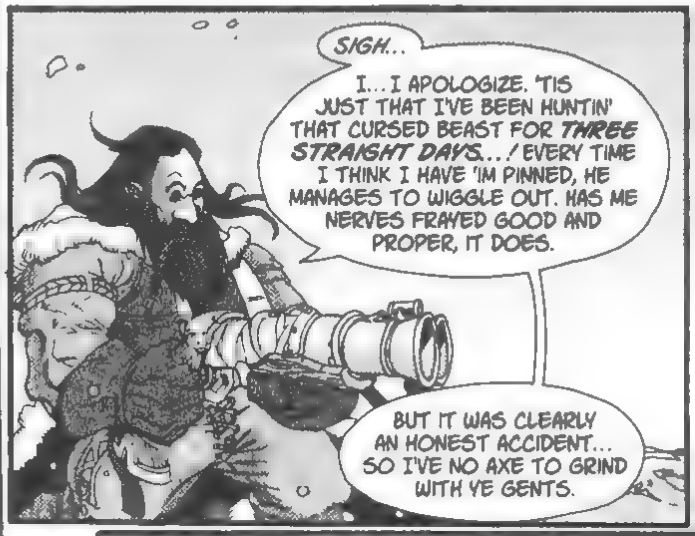

RAAAR
FFFT
CLICK
BOTCHA.

HEY, DID YOU GUYS HEAR...OH.
GRRRR...
NO...
NOOO!!
...AAAARRRRG!!
FWAAAAM

ARRRRoooooooo~

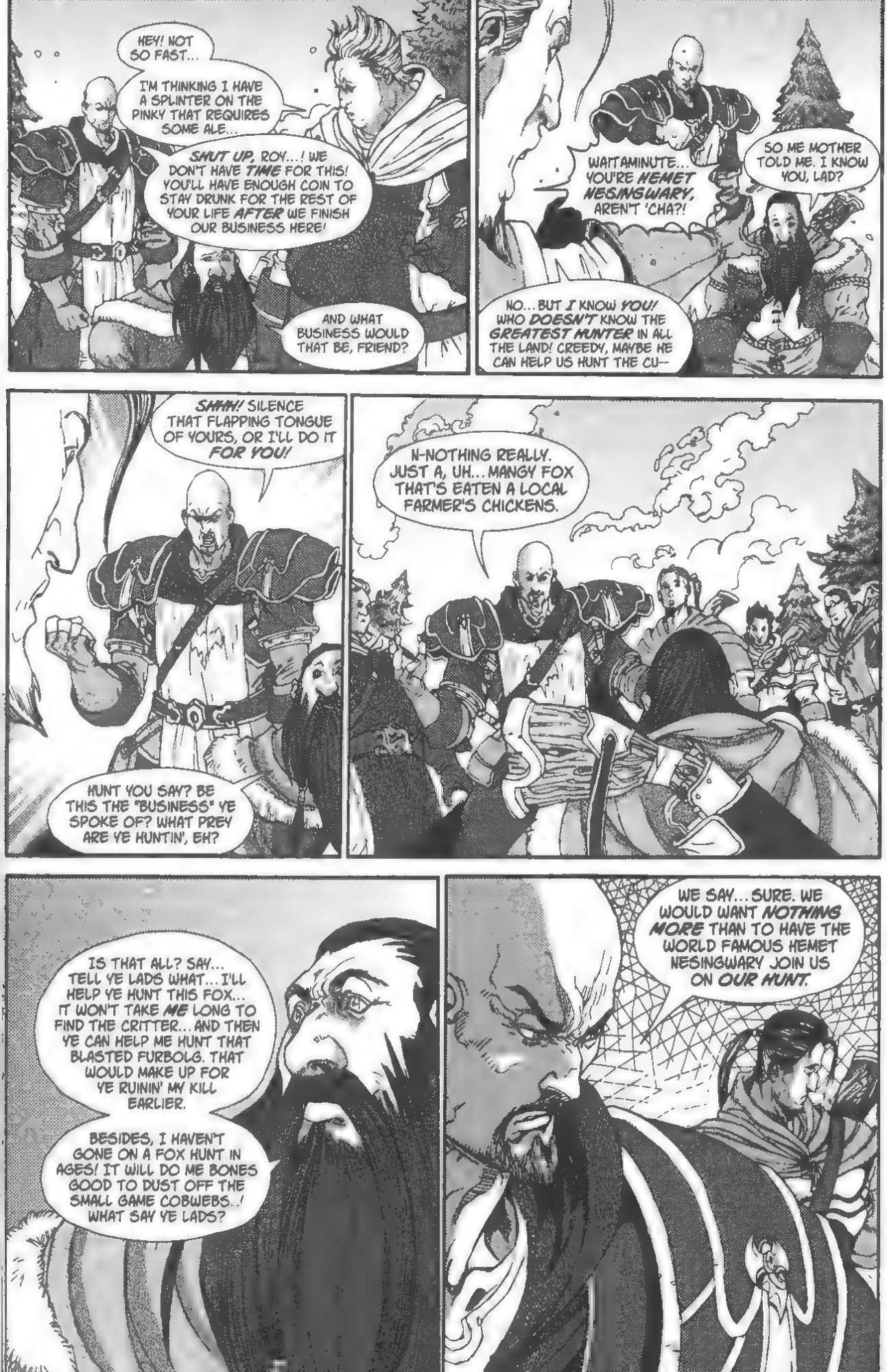
WHAT IN THE BLUE BLAZES DO YE IDIOTS THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?!
I HAD A PERFECT KILL SHOT LINED UP, AND YE BUNGLERS MUCKED IT UP!

EASY, FRIEND. . WE MEANT YOU NO HARM...! WE HEARD THE GUNSHOT AND THOUGHT MAYBE ONE OF US HAD...
LOOK, I'M SORRY, OKAY? HONESTLY.

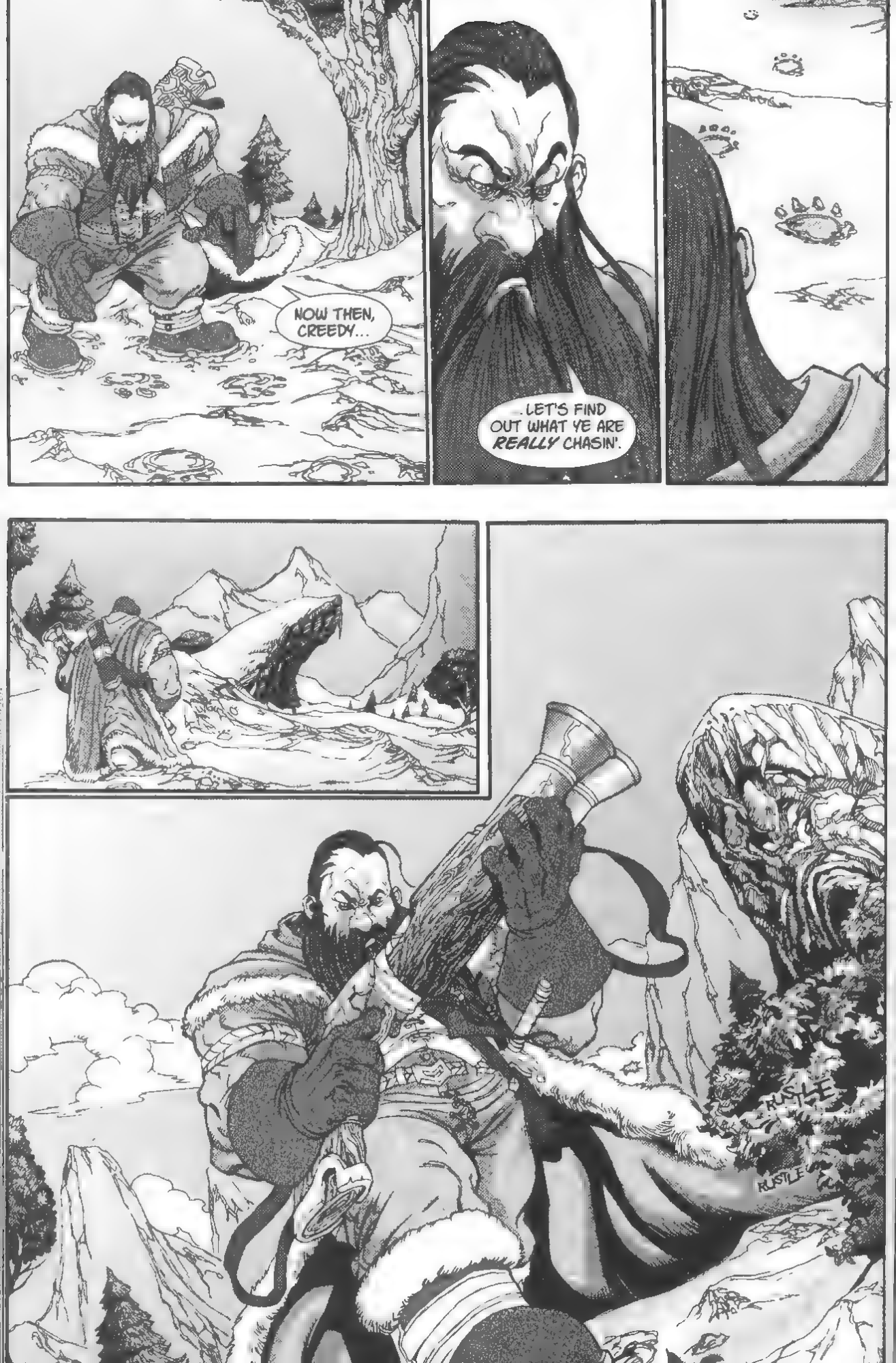

SIGH...
I... I APOLOGIZE. 'TIS JUST THAT I'VE BEEN HUNTIN' THAT CURSED BEAST FOR THREE STRAIGHT DAYS.../ EVERY TIME I THINK I HAVE 'IM PINNED, HE MANAGES TO WIGGLE OUT. HAS ME NERVES FRAYED GOOD AND PROPER, IT DOES.
BUT IT WAS CLEARLY AN HONEST ACCIDENT... SO I'VE NO AXE TO GRIND WITH YE GENTS.

I SEE... THEN WOULD YOU MIND POINTING THAT PARTICULAR AXE ELSEWHERE?

OF COURSE... HEH HEH. SORRY 'BOUT THAT.
SO, ANY OF YE LADS HURT, OR NEEDIN' MEDICAL ATTENTION? I'VE GOT BANDAGES FOR BLEEDERS AND A FLASK OF ALE FOR PAIN...
NO THANKS, WE'RE FINE. WE'D BEST BE GETTING ON OUR WAY...


HEY! NOT SO FAST...
I'M THINKING I HAVE A SPLINTER ON THE PINKY THAT REQUIRES SOME ALE...
SHUT UP, ROY...! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS! YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH COIN TO STAY DRUNK FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AFTER WE FINISH OUR BUSINESS HERE!
AND WHAT BUSINESS WOULD THAT BE, FRIEND?
WAITAMINUTE... YOU'RE HEMET NESINGWARY, AREN'T 'CHA?!
SO ME MOTHER TOLD ME. I KNOW YOU, LAD?
NO... BUT I KNOW YOU! WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE GREATEST HUNTER IN ALL THE LAND! CREEDY, MAYBE HE CAN HELP US HUNT THE CU--
SHHH! SILENCE THAT FLAPPING TONGUE OF YOURS, OR I'LL DO IT FOR YOU!
HUNT YOU SAY? BE THIS THE "BUSINESS" YE SPOKE OF? WHAT PREY ARE YE HUNTIN', EH?
N-NOTHING REALLY. JUST A, UH... MANGY FOX THAT'S EATEN A LOCAL FARMER'S CHICKENS.
IS THAT ALL? SAY... TELL YE LADS WHAT... I'LL HELP YE HUNT THIS FOX... IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND THE CRITTER... AND THEN YE CAN HELP ME HUNT THAT BLASTED FURBOLG. THAT WOULD MAKE UP FOR YE RUININ' MY KILL EARLIER.
BESIDES, I HAVEN'T GONE ON A FOX HUNT IN AGES! IT WILL DO ME BONES GOOD TO DUST OFF THE SMALL GAME COBWEBS..! WHAT SAY YE LADS?
WE SAY... SURE. WE WOULD WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO HAVE THE WORLD FAMOUS HEMET NESINGWARY JOIN US ON OUR HUNT.

MOMENTS LATER...
HUH... 'TIS A FOX, YE SAY? THESE TRACKS ARE FAR TOO LARGE FOR A FOX...
IT'S A FOX, I ASSURE YOU. OFTEN TIMES TRACKS IN THE SNOW WILL MELT, MAKING THE PRINT SEEM LARGER THAN IT ACTUALLY IS.
YES YES, I KNOW THAT... BUT THE SUN HAS BEEN CLOUD-HIDDEN ALL DAY, SO EVEN IF THESE TRACKS ARE FROM THIS MORNING, THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE MELTED THIS MU--
Y'KNOW, ETIQUETTE CALLS FOR UNINVITED GUESTS TO AT THE VERY LEAST NOT INSULT THEIR HOSTS BY CALLING THEM LIARS!
I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO COME ALONG-- BUT I HAVE ZERO PROBLEMS ASKING YOU TO LEAVE!
SAY... CREEDY, IS IT? SORRY TO INFORM YE, BUT I'M THE LEAST OF YOUR PROBLEMS... CONSIDERIN' YOUR MAN ROY THERE HAS STAGE THREE POISON OAK RASH CREEPIN' UP HIS NECK.
POOR LAD...LOOKS TO BE THE WORST CASE I'VE EVER SEEN... AYE... PROBABLY ALL OVER HIS BACK AND WHO KNOWS WHERE ELSE BY NOW...
WHAT? I DON'T SEE ANY--
DO YOU SEE IT?! DO YOU SEE IT?!!
HOLD STILL, DOOFUS! I CAN'T TELL!
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO HIM! IT COULD BE CONTAGIOUS!
ROY, I SWEAR IF YOU TAKE OFF YOUR SKIVVIES, I'M GONNA PUNCH YOU RIGHT IN THE SOUP COOLER!
PUT YOUR CLOTHES BACK ON, MORON! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH--
WAIT... WHERE'S NESINGWARY?


NOW THEN, CREEDY...
...LET'S FIND OUT WHAT YE ARE *REALLY* CHASIN'.
RUSTLE
RUSTLE

RUSTLE
RUSTLE
Squeak!
HEH HEH... LOOKS LIKE IT BE JUST YOU AND ME IN THE FOREST TODAY, MR. SQUIRREL...
GRRRROOOWWWWL-OOO
WHAT THE--?!

RAAARGH!
SLASH
GAAAH!!
GRRRR...
ROOOAAAAAAR!!!
BLAAM
SNAAAARL!!!
MUNCH
CRUNCH
MUNCH
CRUNCH
OOW!!

MRROOOW...
NOW THAT...
I GUESS OL' CREEDY JUST DIDN'T WANT TO SHARE THE FUN, EH KITTY?
NO MATTER... THAT WAS JUST A GRAZIN' SHOT. THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH LEFT FOR THEM TO...
...IS WHAT I CALL SPORT!!
...SHOOT...

YOU COWARD!!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS...!! THEY'RE J-JUST INNOCENT C-CUBS!!
ARE YE ALL RIGHT?! I-I DIDN'T KNOW! I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT...
HAD I HAVE KNOWN THE CAT WAS REALLY, WELL...
WAIT.. Y-YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM...
MY NAME IS TELEENA... AND YOU MUST HELP ME!!
LUCKILY THE DAMAGE... UNH... ISN'T TOO GREAT. I CAN HEAL MYSELF AS SOON AS I CATCH MY BREATH...
I SWEAR, IT NEVER FAILS! YOU HUNTERS ARE ALL THE SAME! SHOOT FIRST, THINK LATER!
YE ATTACKED ME FIRST, REMEMBER?! FORGIVE ME, BUT I HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF FIRIN' BUCKSHOT AT FANGS AND CLAWS THAT BE TRYIN' TO TAKE ME BLASTED HEAD OFF...!
WHY DID YE ATTACK ME ANYWAY, LASS? WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOIN' ON HERE?
TAKE ME BEHIND FROSTSABER ROCK... AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

THERE... UNDER THOSE BRANCHES.
THEY'RE WHY I ATTACKED YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE AFTER THEM.
I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
THEY ARE--WERE-- A LITTER FROM MY DEAD FROSTSABER MOUNT, ISIS. CREEDY KILLED HER TO GET TO THEM. HE'S BEEN CHASING ME AND THE CUBS FOR A WEEK NOW.
IT'S THEIR FUR, YOU SEE... AS CUBS, THEIR STRIPE PATTERNS ARE VERY UNIQUE... THOUGH AS THEY MATURE THE STRIPES REVERT TO NORMAL FROSTSABER MARKINGS.
THAT'S WHY CREEDY WANTS THEIR PELTS BEFORE THEY CHANGE... HE KNOWS SUCH RARE FUR CAN MAKE HIM RICH. HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THEM. BUT.. THEY'RE JUST BABIES...
THAT LYIN' CUR!! TOLD ME HE WAS HUNTIN' A FOX, HE DID!!
WHAT SPORT IS THERE IN HUNTIN' CUBS THAT DON'T EVEN HAVE CLAWS TO SCRATCH YOU?! NO HUNTER WITH A GRAIN OF SELF-RESPECT WOULD WASTE HIS TIME ON SUCH UNCHALLENGING PREY!!
BUT THAT'S JUST IT...

I'M NOT A HUNTER TODAY.
I'M AN OPPORTUNIST.
KRAKKE
NO!! YOU CAN'T TAKE THEM!! I WON'T LET YOU!!
KRAKKE
I'D SWITCH OFF THOSE HANDS, ELF, UNLESS YOU WANT THE KITTIES SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE SNOW.
'TIS NOT OVER, YE COWARDLY SNAKE. YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS.
OH, I WON'T PAY...
...BUT THE WORLD WILL. TIMES THREE.
GOODBYE, MR. NESINGWARY.

CLICK
NOOO!!
BLAM
SHOOOM
NOW!! HIT THE BASTARDS WITH EVERYTHING YE GOT!!
GAAAH!!
LOOK OUT!!
NO!! THE CUBS ARE MINE!!
KRACK
BLAAM
BLAAM
MOVE, MOVE!!
BLAAM
BLAAM

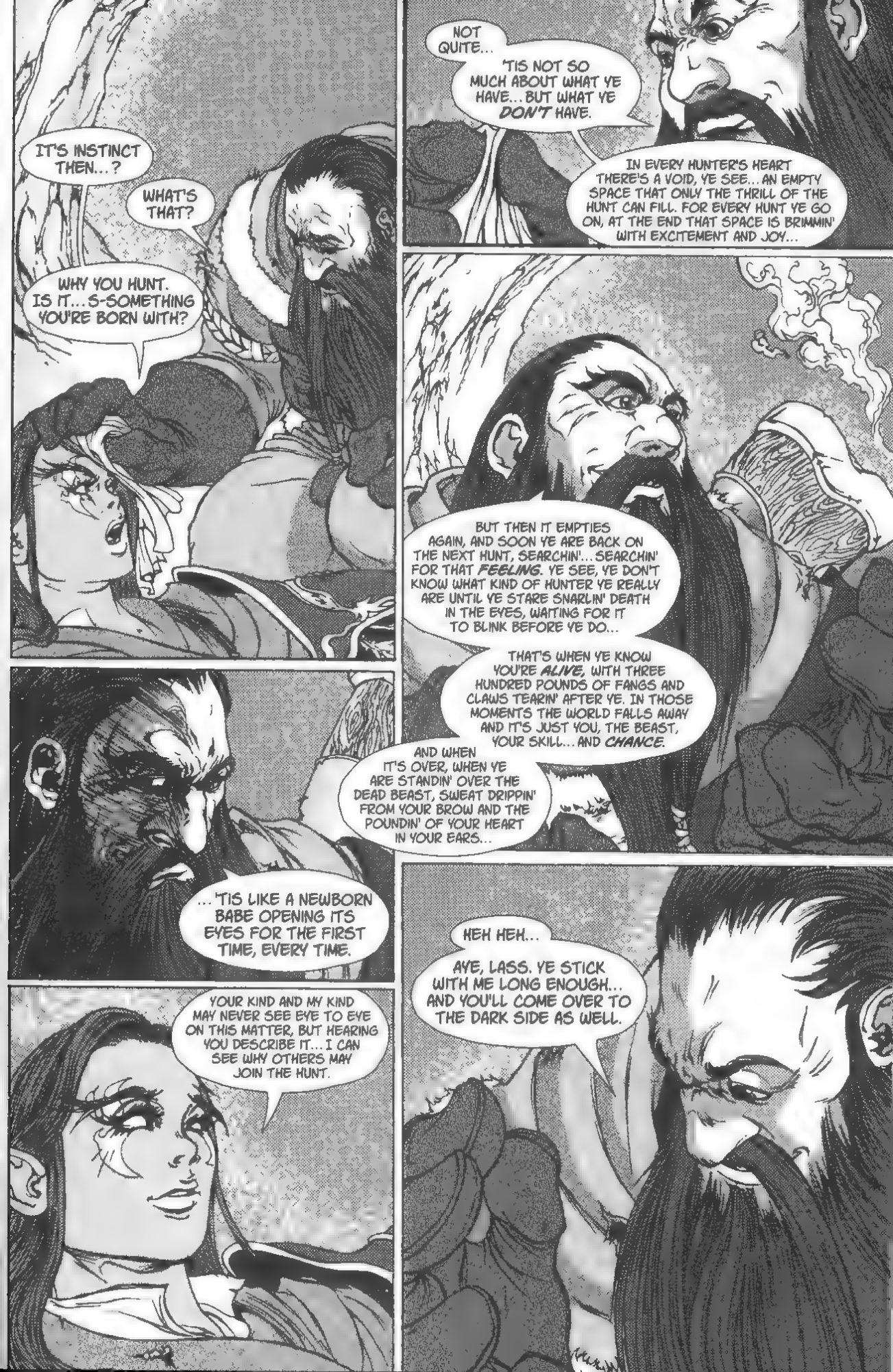
HURRY, YOU IDIOTS!! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!!
RIP
LEAVE ME!! M-MY LEG IS NOT YET FULLY HEALED! I'LL ONLY S-SLOW YOU D-DOWN...!
I'LL NOT LEAVE YE BEHIND, LASS! NOW FIGHT THROUGH THE PAIN AND KEEP MOVIN'!!
THERE! THAT RAVINE IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!!
JUMP!!!

BLAAAAM
NYAAAAH!!
FFFT
HUNH!
GAAH!
SMAP
OOOF!
AIIEEEE!!
FRCSH!
NYUUH!!
THUNK
HNH!!
FWUMP

UNH... I'VE HAD HANGOVERS THAT FELT LIKE TICKLES COMPARED TO THIS...
THE BLAZES...! QUIT POKIN' AT ME WITH THOSE--
MEW...
YAWN...
MEW
HEH HEH... I STAND CORRECTED. I GUESS YE DO HAVE CLAWS TO SCRATCH ME HIDE... AND PROPER SHARP AT THAT, EH? AYE, ONE DAY YE SHALL MAKE FINE OPPONENTS...
TELEENA...? WHERE ARE YE, LASS...?
TELEENA!
IT HURTS... C-CAN'T... FEEL MY L-LEGS...
THEN WHAT ARE YE WAITIN' FOR?! HEAL YOUR WOUNDS GIRL SO WE CAN GET MOVIN'!!
I-I CAN'T...! I'VE BEEN F-FIGHTING THEM OFF FOR DAYS... AND THAT LAST BLAST OF MAGIC ENERGY DRAINED ME COMPLETELY...
THE WOUND IS SIMPLY TOO GRAVE... BY THE TIME I RECOVER ENOUGH TO H-HEAL... IT WILL BE T-TOO LATE...

DAMMMIT! THE TREES ARE TOO THICK... I CAN'T SEE SQUAT! WE'LL HAVE TO CIRCLE BACK AROUND THE LONG WAY...
THIS IS YOUR FAULT, YOU IDIOT!! I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO TOSS YOU OFF THE BLEEDIN' EDGE AFTER HIM!!
HEY, I'M SORRY, BUT I DIDN'T SIGN ON FOR THIS! IT'S ONE THING TO KILL AN ANIMAL, BUT TO KILL NIGHT ELVES AND DWARVES...I MEAN, THAT'S JUST TAKING IT A LITTLE TOO FAR, DON'CHA THINK?
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, JENSEN. IT IS.
BUM
LOOKS LIKE YOUR CUTS JUST INCREASED, BOYS.
NOW LET'S GO DOWN THERE AND GET OUR MONEY.

THAT MOMENT IN A NEARBY CAVE...
WH-WHY...
WHY DO YOU DO IT...?
BECAUSE I NEED TO GET THIS BLADE HOT ENOUGH TO CAUTERIZE THAT BULLET HOLE BEFORE YE BLEED OUT.
THOUGH THE SMOKE FROM THE FIRE WILL SURELY DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THOSE JACKALS, 'TIS A RISK WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE
NO... N-NOT THAT... WHY DO YOU *HUNT*? WHY MUST YOU K-KILL *INNOCENT ANIMALS*...?
I. 'TIS HARD TO EXPLAIN.
HERE--BITE DOWN ON THIS.
MMMPH!! MMMMPH!!
THAT'S A GOOD GIRL... DRINK UP... BETTER THAN MOTHER'S MILK, IT IS...
Y-YOU... YOU'VE BEEN SHOT...
A MERE SCRATCH, LASS. ANOTHER SCAR FOR THE COLLECTION. BUT NEVER YE MIND ME.


IT'S INSTINCT THEN...?
WHAT'S THAT?
WHY YOU HUNT. IS IT... S-SOMETHING YOU'RE BORN WITH?
NOT QUITE...
'TIS NOT SO MUCH ABOUT WHAT YE HAVE... BUT WHAT YE DON'T HAVE.
IN EVERY HUNTER'S HEART THERE'S A VOID, YE SEE... AN EMPTY SPACE THAT ONLY THE THRILL OF THE HUNT CAN FILL. FOR EVERY HUNT YE GO ON, AT THE END THAT SPACE IS BRIMMIN' WITH EXCITEMENT AND JOY...
BUT THEN IT EMPTIES AGAIN, AND SOON YE ARE BACK ON THE NEXT HUNT, SEARCHIN'... SEARCHIN' FOR THAT FEELING. YE SEE, YE DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF HUNTER YE REALLY ARE UNTIL YE STARE SNARLIN' DEATH IN THE EYES, WAITING FOR IT TO BLINK BEFORE YE DO...
THAT'S WHEN YE KNOW YOU'RE ALIVE, WITH THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF FANGS AND CLAWS TEARIN' AFTER YE. IN THOSE MOMENTS THE WORLD FALLS AWAY AND IT'S JUST YOU, THE BEAST, YOUR SKILL... AND CHANCE.
AND WHEN IT'S OVER, WHEN YE ARE STANDIN' OVER THE DEAD BEAST, SWEAT DRIPPIN' FROM YOUR BROW AND THE POUNDIN' OF YOUR HEART IN YOUR EARS...
...'TIS LIKE A NEWBORN BABE OPENING ITS EYES FOR THE FIRST TIME, EVERY TIME.
YOUR KIND AND MY KIND MAY NEVER SEE EYE TO EYE ON THIS MATTER, BUT HEARING YOU DESCRIBE IT... I CAN SEE WHY OTHERS MAY JOIN THE HUNT.
HEH HEH...
AYE, LASS. YE STICK WITH ME LONG ENOUGH... AND YOU'LL COME OVER TO THE DARK SIDE AS WELL.

UNH! N-NOT MUCH TIME YOU'RE A G-GOOD PERSON! YOU MUST P-PROTECT THEM!! DON'T LET CREEDY K-K-KILL THEM!!
HAVE YE NOT LISTENED TO A WORD I'VE SAID? I HUNT ANIMALS ! I DON'T PROTECT THEM! I-I CAN'T IT'S JUST NOT WHO I AM!
I HOPE YOU'RE A BETTER H-HUNTER.. THAN YOU ARE A LIAR...
HEH.. WHY, I GUESS IT IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, LASS ! I JUST SO HAPPEN TO BE THE BEST HUNTER IN ALL AZEROTH !
MY NAME IS HEMET HEMET
NESINGWARY
PLACE YOUR TONGUES BACK IN YOUR MOUTHS! YOUR LICKS ARE OF NO USE TO HER ANYMORE ! SHE'S SHE'S GONE.
NUISANCE THAT YE ARE, THE LASS WANTED ME TO SEE YE OUT ALIVE. AND THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO DO BESIDES I CAME HERE SEEKIN' A MAD BEAST
...AND BY THE LIGHT, I FOUND ONE.

SPREAD OUT... BUT STEP LIVELY, BOYS. THAT CUR NESINGWARY IS A WILY ONE...
OVER HERE! A BLOOD TRAIL! I FOUND 'EM!
I GOT 'CHA NOW!
SNAP!
GRAAAAAAGGGGGH!!!
THUNK
RAAARGH!!
THWACK

OVER THERE! THAT SOUNDED LIKE ROY!
ROY...? ARE YOU OKAY...?
DOES HE LOOK OKAY, YOU IMBECILE?!
NOW FIND HIM... BUT BE CAREFUL!
YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, HUH DWARF? WELL, I'M NOT A BUMBLING HALF-WIT LIKE ROY... ANY TRAP YOU SET, I CAN SPOT A MILE AWAY...
...LIKE THAT ONE.
THUNK
SNAP

HA HA! VERY SLOPPY, NESINGWARY, VERY SLOPPY! YOU'D HAVE TO BE BLIND AS A DUSKBAT NOT TO SEE THIS TRAP...!
GAAAH!!
THUNK
NYAAAH!!
YE WERE SAYIN'?

D-DID YOU HEAR THAT?! I THINK THAT WAS PRATT...! WE SHOULD G-GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE--
SHH! QUIET! IN THOSE BUSHES AHEAD MOVEMENT...
WE'LL FLANK HIM.
MEW.

IT'S THE CUBS!
WE FINALLY CAUGHT 'EM!
WAIT... SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
!!
NO, YOU IDIOT!! GET OUT OF THERE!!

FWHIP
SHWEEFT
SWAG
FWHOOSH
CREEEEDY!!
NEEEEEELP
MEEEEEE!!!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU...?!
FWAACK

CREEEEEE...
KRACK
....DDDDDWWWWWWWW...
WHAT'S IT FEEL LIKE TO BE HUNTED, 'YE MURDERIN' BASTARD?!
THWOCK
NNGH!!
KRAACK

MRROW!
ST-STAY BACK!!
D-DON'T COME ANY C-CLOSER OR I'LL SNAP ITS MANGY NECK!!
AYE, A NECK WILL INDEED BE SNAPPED...JUST NOT HIS.
THOK
GAAAAAAH!!!
FWIIIP
W-WAIT!! L-LOOK!!
I'LL GIVE YOU THEIR SHARE!! FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT, ALL RIGHT?!
O-OKAY!! YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL!! JUST DON'T KILL ME!!

W-W-WAIT!! WH-WHAT ABOUT THE HUNTER'S CODE, HUH?! IT MUST HAVE A RULE ABOUT KILLING SOMEONE IN COLD BLOOD!!
BUT I'M NOT A HUNTER TODAY... I'M AN OPPORTUNIST.
AND RIGHT NOW, I SEE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YE TO HELP ME...
...AS BAIT.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS FINALLY ABLE TO KILL THE FURBOLG...
...THOUGH I LET IT PAW AT CREEDY FOR A FEW MINUTES BEFORE TAKIN' THE SHOT.

IN THE END, I WALKED INTO WINTERSPRING THE HUNTER...
...BUT I WALKED OUT WITH THOSE CUBS THE PROTECTOR.
THAT DAY I LEARNED THE TRUE MEANIN' OF AN HONORABLE KILL.
UNTIL YE LEARN THAT LESSON, LAD..."THE THRILL OF THE HUNT" BE AS MEANINGLESS AS YOUR STORY.
THIS ANIMAL DESERVES A PROPER BURIAL... AND I MEAN TO GIVE IT TO 'IM.
SOUNDS LIKE THE STORM HAS PASSED... AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, EH GENTS?
'NIGHT.

WHY THAT SONOFA... WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?! HE JUST CAN'T--
YES... HE CAN, MISTER. IT'S BEST TO LET THIS ONE GO... FOR WITH MEN LIKE HEMET, WHEN WORDS ARE SPENT, BULLETS OFTEN TAKE THEIR PLACE.
BOYS... YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT SENILE OLD FOOL, DO YOU? I REALLY DID STAND THE BEAST DOWN...
REALLY I DID...
WHAT A PHONY!
TELL ME ABOUT IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET HIM SHOOT MY GUN...!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET HIM DATE MY SISTER...!

END

# ABOUT THE WRITERS

## RICHARD A. KNAAK

Richard A. Knaak is the New York Times bestselling fantasy author of 40 novels and over a dozen short stories, including *The Legend of Huma & The Minotaur Wars* for Dragonlance and the *War of the Ancients* trilogy for *Warcraft*. In addition to the TOKYOPOP series *Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy*, he is the author of its forthcoming sequel trilogy, *Warcraft: Dragons of Outland*, as well as "Fallen," "Fear" and "Fiend," the first three parts of a four-part short story featured in *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1, 2 and 3 (which will be concluded in Volume 4). His latest Warcraft novel, *Night of the Dragon*, is a sequel to the best-selling *Day of the Dragon*. He also recently released *The Fire Rose*, the second in his *Ogre Titans* saga for Dragonlance. To find out more about Richard's projects, visit his website at www.richardaknaak.com.

## DAN JOLLEY

Dan Jolley is the author of multiple books for TOKYOPOP, including the young adult prose novel series, *Alex Unlimited*, and the bestselling *Warriors* manga trilogies based on the hugely popular Erin Hunter novels. Dan authored "How to Win Friends" and "Miles to Go," short stories for *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1 and 2, as well as the forthcoming TOKYOPOP manga *Warcraft: Death Knight*. Much more information about Dan can be found at his website, www.danjolley.com.

## CHRISTIE GOLDEN

Award-winning author Christie Golden has written over thirty novels and several short stories in the fields of science fiction, fantasy and horror. She has written over a dozen Star Trek novels, several original novels, the *StarCraft: Dark Templar* trilogy and three *Warcraft* novels, *Lord of the Clans*, *Rise of the Horde*, as well as the forthcoming *Arthas: Rise of the Lich King*, which will be released in April 2009. Christie is currently hard at work writing a yet to be titled *Warcraft trilogy*, as well as three of the nine *Star Wars: Fate of the Jedi* books (in collaboration with Aaron Allston and Troy Denning). *Omen*, her first book in the series, is slated for release in July 2009. Christie has also written two short manga stories, "I Got What Yule Need" and "A Warrior Made," for the TOKYOPOP manga *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 3 and 4.

## TROY LEWTER

When not downing steins of ale with a feisty dwarf or cooking up some payback against greedy hunters, Troy Lewter is a mild-mannered editor at TOKYOPOP. His writing credits include his self-published indie comic *Mac Afro*, along with short stories in the TOKYOPOP manga *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1 and 3, "The Journey," "An Honest Trade" and "The Thrill of the Hunt." Troy also wrote the upcoming TOKYOPOP fantasy manga, *Adomant*. Alas, his lifetime goal of becoming the eleventh Doctor Who has yet to be achieved.

# ABOUT THE ARTISTS

## JAE-HWAN KIM

Born in 1971 in Korea, Jae-Hwan Kim's best-known manga works include *Rainbow, Combat Metal HeMoSoo* and *King of Hell*, an ongoing series currently published by TOKYOPOP. Along with being the creator of *War Angels* for TOKYOPOP, Jae-Hwan is the artist for TOKYOPOP's *Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy*, as well as its sequel trilogy, *Warcraft: Dragons of Outland*, which will be available in 2009. Jae-Hwan is also the artist for Richard Knaak's four-part short story featured in *Warcraft: Legends*, an anthology series also from TOKYOPOP.

## FERNANDO FURUKAWA

Born in Argentina, Fernando is the son of a German father and a Japanese mother. Fernando has been drawing since he was a small child and furthered his artistic education under the tutelage of local art professors, Pier Brito and Feliciano Garcia Zecchin. He began his professional artist career at age nineteen and was published in several local magazines. This led to him publishing his own series (along with writer Mauro Mantella and artist Rocio Zucchi) *TIME: 5*. His recent works include his job as lead artist for an online web series, drawing two stories for TOKYOPOP's *Warcraft: Legends* anthology series, as well as being the artist for the upcoming *StarCraft: Ghost Academy* series, also from TOKYOPOP.

## CARLOS OLIVARES

Born in Madrid, Spain, Carlos Olivares published his first comic, *BOUMM*, at age sixteen. He went on to publish many other comics in Spain as well as a series in France called *Hero Academy*. Along with founding an art school, he has worked in advertising and for Marvel Comics. Carlos was the artist for "How to Win Friends," a short story featured in *Warcraft: Legends* Volume 1.

## QING PING MUI

Qing Ping was born in the Taishan province of China, where his days consisted of running around the farms, playing with marbles in the dirt and doodling on any hard surface he could find. Qing and his family moved to New York when he was four, and as a child he would save what little money he had for candy and comics. He's currently a student at FIT and has drawn covers for his local newspaper. Qing's first original story was published in TOKYOPOP's *Rising Stars of Manga* Volume 8, and he inked the pencils for his good friend Ariel Zucker-brull for *Necessary Evil* issue 9 from Desperado Publishing.